Correspondence July-December 1891
Sarah Orne Jewett and her Circle

by

Sarah Orne Jewett

Edited by Terry Heller
Coe College

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Editorial Practice in Transcriptions

^ ^ : The author has inserted text.

~~abc~~ : The author has deleted text.

[ ] : Editorial comments and descriptions.

{ } : Editorial insertions in pursuit of clarity.

Jewett's periods often appear as dashes, and also often are indistinguishable from commas. Where her intentions seem clear, I have placed commas and periods; when not sure I have given the dashes or included a note.

Like many of her correspondents, Jewett is not consistent in using other punctuation, especially apostrophes. I have presented words needing apostrophes as she and her correspondents present them.

As nearly as practical, these transcriptions mirror the appearance of the manuscripts. However, I cannot guarantee they are free of errors. Readers wishing for certainty when working with these letters should consult the manuscripts.

Internet Access to this Text

The Internet Archive

and

Sarah Orne Jewett Text Project
https://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/1-jewettpress/index-sojp.html

Sarah Orne Jewett's Principal Correspondents

This list includes people mentioned frequently in this volume. A more fully annotated "Key to Correspondents" appears in a separate volume and on the internet here:
https://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/let/Corresp/1-persons.html
Most people mentioned in this volume are identified in that list.

Jewett's immediate family

Caroline Frances Perry (1820-1891), Jewett's mother.

Mary Rice Jewett (18 June 1847 - 28 September 1930), Jewett's older sister, often addressed as O.P.

Sarah Orne Jewett. Jewett's various nicknames in these letters: Pinny Lawson and variations, Sadie and Sadie Martinot, Owl and Owlet.

Caroline (Carrie, Taddy) Augusta Jewett (1855-1897), Jewett's younger sister.

Others

Thomas Bailey Aldrich: (1836-1907), author and editor of *Atlantic Monthly*. Jewett also wrote often to his wife, **Lilian Woodman Aldrich** (1841-1927).

Louisa Loring Dresel (1864-1958), painter, photographer, traveler, a neighbor of Annie Fields.

Annie Adams Fields: (1834-1915), author and eventually Jewett's domestic partner. Jewett often refers to her as A.F., and variations on Fuff. During their travels in Europe during this year, Fields and Jewett were accompanied by Fields's Irish-born employee, **Liza / Lisa.**

William Dean Howells: (1837-1920), novelist, critic, editor at *Atlantic Monthly*, a mentor to Jewett.

Celia Laighton Thaxter: (1835-1894), American author and artist.

Sarah de St. Prix Wyman Whitman: (1842-1904), American artist and designer of several Jewett book covers.

John Greenleaf Whittier: (1807-1892), American poet, frequently called "Thy Friend." Often mentioned in letters to and from him are members of his family: Joseph Cartland (1810-1898) and Whittier's cousin **Gertrude Cartland** (1822-1911) accompanied Whittier traveled together in summers, and he lived in their home at Newburyport, MA, for most of his last fifteen winters. **Phebe Woodman** (1869-1953), adopted daughter of Whittier's cousin Abby Johnson Woodman (1828-1921). Whittier's nephew **James Lewis Caldwell** (1839-1895) married Adelaide McClung (1843-1902). **Elizabeth Hussey** (1843-1909) was the daughter of Whittier's brother **Matthew** and namesake of his sister. She married Samuel T. Pickard, editor of the Portland *Transcript* and, later, biographer of Whittier. See *Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier* v. 1, p. 337, *Memorabilia of John Greenleaf Whittier,* by Richard Cary.

Andrew Preston Peabody to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Begin letterhead*]

11 QUINCY STREET,

CAMBRIDGE..

[*End letterhead*]

July 3, 1891.

My dear Miss Jewett,

Thanks for your very kind letter, & for your kind concern for my comfort after so long a day of travel & excitement. I was not too weary for my yesterday's engagement, which was with a large committee of the Antiquarian Society,

[*Page 2*]

who spent the day in Quincy, in visiting the last resting places of [distinguished *corrected*] men, the [birth-houses *corrected*] of the two President Adams,* the cradle of the Quincy family, & the [portraits *corrected*] & memorials in the house inhabited successively by the two Presidents, Charles Francis Adams, & now by his youngest son. To-day I have been attending a meeting of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution for

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the Blind.* I am now tired, & am anticipating with some satisfaction the one day of the year on which I have been wont to do nothing, & which here after the early morning has a Sabbath stillness, as all the noise-makers go to Boston.*

I enjoyed Wednesday almost as much as if I had been a native of Berwick. Dr. Lord's* oration was perfect in & of its kind, & I

[*Page 4*]

know a very large proportion of the people whom he commemorated. Your arrangements were superlatively good, & were carried through admirably. Your town could not have done itself more honor than by the good taste, elegance, generosity & high-toned refinement that marked the whole occasion.

I hope to accept your home-hospitality at some no very distant period. Carrie,* [*deletion*] were she here, would ask to be remembered.

With my sincerest regards to your mother & sisters*

Truly & affectionately yours, A. P. Peabody.

[*Across the top margin of page 1*]

Pray, excuse the execrable handwriting of this letter. I am attempting to reclaim a favorite pen that has become demoralized.

Notes

President Adams: John Adams (1735-1826) was the second U.S. President (1797-1801). His son, John Quincy Adams (1767-1848) was the sixth (1825-1829). His youngest son was Charles Francis Adams (1807-1886) was an American diplomat and historian. His youngest son was historian Brooks Adams (1848-1927), all residents at Peacefield, in Quincy, MA.

Perkins Institution for the Blind: Now the Perkins School for the Blind in Watertown, MA.

Boston: Peabody anticipates 4 July Independence Day celebrators taking their parades and fireworks to Boston on the day after this letter.

Dr. Lord: Professor John Lord. Key to Correspondents. He presented an oration at the celebration of the Berwick Academy Centennial on 1 July, 1891.

Carrie: One of Peabody's children was Caroline Eustis Peabody (1848-1932). Find a Grave.

sisters: Whether Peabody wrote "sister" or "sisters" is not clear. Jewett's sisters were Mary Rice Jewett and Caroline Jewett Eastman. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Miller Library, Special Collections, Colby College, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Saturday.

[*4 July 1891*]*

Dear darling Fuff.

I did make a mistake about the lads!* I thought they were to come yesterday! It is so nice about the Holmes's!* I know exactly how you must feel about it — though I was sure enough myself — I never can forget that day of the Authors Reading* when the dear little doctor looked astray and alone and

[*Page 2*]

then caught sight of you and hurried toward you — "Heres my dear* Mrs. Fields! " —— said he in an indescribably relieved and touching tone. Do go to see him all you can — havent I always said that, but I understand that it has been pleasant to get such new reassurance. "These people" do the best they can I'm sure but they must be glad to have real aid in a thing that

[*Page 3*]

will be perhaps, increasingly difficult & delicate of apprehension. It makes me think of Mrs. Stowe's* saying that she was day nurse to a hummingbird.

—— And Fuff such a pretty part, and all "being on the spot" & promises to come again to celebrate Pinny.* It is such a pleasure to keep thinking about.

I hope now that you

[*Page 4*]

will have a quiet Sunday — I think such a giddy mousatee must need it.)*

— x I had a perfectly delightful evening from old Dr. Lord last night.* I wished for you; he really is so interesting now. [*deleted word*] He was talking about his English experiences at the time he lived there three or four years and married his wife — He knew Cardinal Wiseman and Archbishop Whately and Carlyle about whom he talked enchantingly — it made me feel as if I had gone to the door in Cheyne Row and had "Mrs. Carlyle herself" come to open it, "a beautiful woman with delightful manners," and Carlyle come scolding downstairs (though he had made the appointment himself)* and grumbling that "Americans were all bores and he liked the Russians; a sober, thinking and acting

[*Page 5*]

people," and then grow very good-natured and after a while take his company for a long walk — and cross old Dean Gaisford also appeared with that group of Oxford men —* You could have drawn out much more, but indeed it was very interesting to me. Egotism is the best of a man after eighty. He is ^chiefly^ valuable then for what he has

[*Page 6*]

been, and for the wealth of his personality, and what is silly ^self-admiration^ at forty is a treasure of remembrance. The stand-point has changed!

I must say good-bye — but what savings we shall be telling over pretty soon. Don't forget things to tell your

Pinny —

(It was so nice to think of Twins & Nelly Prince* coming to tea and dear SW* in the evening! —)

Notes

4 July 1891: This date is based upon Dr. John Lord's attendance at the July 1, 1891 celebration of the Berwick Academy Centennial. I speculate that he stayed in South Berwick during the week following the event, leaving on Thursday 9 July.

Fields penciled 1889 in the upper right of page 1. At top left she has penciled: "Please turn to the 4th page of this note."

lads: Among the young men Fields might be entertaining at this time is Ellis Dresel. See Louisa Dresel in Key to Correspondents. However, nothing is yet known about the identities of these lads.

Holmes's: Jewett refers to Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr. Key to Correspondents. It seems likely that Jewett is speaking of provisions for Dr. Holmes's care during the final years of his life.

Authors Reading: Jewett refers to the Author's Reading for the Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Memorial, which took place on 31 March 1887. Jewett served as secretary of the committee that arranged that reading. See her letters of March 1887.

Mrs. Stowe's: Harriet Beecher Stowe. Key to Correspondents. If Stowe published her remark about nursing a hummingbird, this has not yet been located.

mousatee must need it.)*: This parenthesis mark and the following x have been penciled in by Fields. All other parenthesis marks in the letter are in Fields's pencil. Mousatee is a variation on "Mouse," one of Jewett's nicknames for Fields.

Dr. Lord: Professor John Lord (1810 - 15 December 1894) was an American historian and lecturer, specializing in history of the ancient world, upon which he published a number of books. Wikipedia says: "In 1843-46, he was in England giving lectures on the Middle Ages, and on his return to the United States continued to lecture for many years in the principal towns and cities, giving over 6,000 lectures in all. In 1864, he received his LL.D. from the University of the City of New York. From 1866 to 1876, he was lecturer on history at Dartmouth College."

According to Nathan Franklin Carter in *The Native Ministry of New Hampshire*, Lord's first wife was Mary Porter, whom he married in London on May 30, 1846. He died at Stamford, CT, where he resided 1855-1894 (640).

Cardinal Wiseman and Archbishop Whately ... Cheyne Row ... Dean Gaisford: Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881) and his wife, Jane Welsh, moved from rural Scotland to Cheyne Walk in Chelsea in 1834 after the appearance of *Sartor Resartus*. There he became known as "the sage of Chelsea." Nicholas Patrick Stephen Wiseman (1802-1863) was a cardinal. Richard Whately (1787-1863) was Archbishop of Dublin. Thomas Gaisford (1779-1855) was Regius Professor of Greek and Dean of Christ Church, Oxford.

himself: Jewett's handwriting being somewhat unclear at this point, Fields has penciled an "f" at the end of this word to clarify.

Twins & Nelly Prince: Jewett refers to the sisters, Helen Olcott Choate Bell and Miriam Foster Choate Pratt as the twins. Mrs Pratt's daughter was the novelist, Nelly Prince. Key to Correspondents. The Choate sisters were not actually twins.

SW: Sarah Wyman Whitman. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Annie Fields Transcription

These passages from letter appear in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911), p. 52.

I had a perfectly delightful evening from old Dr. Lord last night. I wished for you. He really is so interesting now. He was talking about his English experiences at the time he lived there three or four years and married his wife. He knew Cardinal Wiseman and Archbishop Whately, and Carlyle, about whom he talked enchantingly. It made me feel as if I had gone to the door in Cheyne Row and had "Mrs. Carlyle herself" come to open it, "a beautiful woman with delightful manners," and Carlyle come scolding downstairs (though he had made the appointment himself) and grumbling that Americans were all bores and he liked the Russians, a sober, thinking and acting people, and then he would grow very good-natured, and after a while take his company for a long walk; — cross old Dean Gaisford also appeared with that group of Oxford men. You could have drawn out much more, but indeed it was very interesting to me. Egotism is the best of a man after eighty. He is chiefly valuable then for what he has been, and for the wealth of his personality, and what is silly self-admiration at forty is a treasure of remembrance. The stand-point has changed.

I must say good-bye, but what savings we shall be telling over pretty soon. Don't forget things.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Samuel Thomas Pickard

South Berwick

4 July. 1891

Dear Mr. Pickard

I meant to tell you sooner how sorry I was not to see you again and how much I thank you for coming* — If there was one thing arranged with care it [certainly *corrected*] was that the tent should be kept still while the speeches

[*Page 2*]

went on — but owing to what seemed to be unpreventable causes, the tables had to be cleared, and I fear that you, with some of the other speakers, were even more annoyed than we were — But I am sure that you will be forgiving and take it for granted that the arrangements for the evening were

[*Page 3*]

sufficiently important to warrant the racket of the afternoon!!

However I could hear what you had to say and like it immensely — I was so glad to have you there. I wish that I had not missed your last little call — We are delighted that most things went off

[*Page 4*]

so well{.} The delightful weather made everything seem pleasanter —

Please give my love to Mrs. Pickard and believe me always

Yours sincerely

Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

coming: Jewett refers to the centennial celebration of the Berwick Academy that took place on 1 July 1891.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, Pickard-Whittier papers: Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909, MS Am 1844, Box 9, item 537.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields
Fragment

Wednesday morning

[*8 July 1891*]*

What a lovely day for us to go to walk along the shore to see Alice* and all! and to sit down in a warm corner out of the wind among the bayberry bushes. It is quite wonderful how well this weather makes one feel. I didn't get sound asleep until five but I feel as brisk as a bee this morning. Tomorrow

[*Page 2*]

Dr. Lord* is going away — and I shall miss the old man very much, he has been very interesting and companionable and lives in books rather than with people. He was enchanted with the Murray biography.* Knowing or having seen ever so many of the men in it. I must ~~stopped~~ stop my reading for today because I have damaged an eye — perhaps it caught a little cold!

[*Page 3*]

As you say. What a delightful thing it is to have the mood for books on one and the chance to give up everything for it — but with me it doesn't last many days{,} that enchanting and [desperate *corrected*] state of devouring cover and all! You can spin it out by going to Mrs. Towne{.}* [Uncle *?*] must really be a godsend to her. Have you ever carried out the plot of asking Mrs. Foulke* to

[*Page 4*]

tea? but suppose she couldn't come now until some of the family [*deletion*] get to Eagle Head.* I have the opinion that you have been "layin' low" until Mifs Haywards* departure! I send you a little memoir of the Italian lady.* I shall be so disappointed if you dont find in it just what I did, but I may have [*two words deleted*] led you to expect a different thing from what

[*Manuscript ends; no signature*]

Notes

8 July 1891: This date is tentative, based upon Dr. John Lord's attendance at the July 1, 1891 celebration of the Berwick Academy Centennial. I speculate that he stayed in South Berwick during the week following the event, leaving on Thursday 9 July. It is possible as well that this letter was written on July 1, the morning of the celebration. That Jewett had an almost sleepless night on June 30 could be explained by her anticipation of the following "big day." However, this would imply that Dr. Lord ended his South Berwick stay on Thursday 2 July, making it impossible for him to talk with Jewett on Saturday 4 July. Another possibility is that he arrived in Berwick a week before the celebration and that the talk Jewett reports in her 4 July letter took place on 27 June.

This letter contains marks presumably made by Fields when she considered including part of it in *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Alice: Of the two Alices Jewett most likely refers to, Alice Greenwood Howe seems more likely than Alice Longfellow. However, Fields and Jewett also knew Alice Amelia Bartlett Warren (1843-1912), who traveled often in Europe and moved in the same social circles as Fields and Jewett, being a friend of Henry James and Ellen Emerson, among other Jewett correspondents. See the introduction to *Little Women Abroad: The Alcott Sisters' Letters from Europe*, 1870-1871 (2008), edited by Daniel Shealy, pp. lxii-lxiii.

Dr. Lord: Professor John Lord (1810 - 15 December 1894). Key to Correspondents.

the Murray biography: While it is difficult to be sure which book Jewett refers to, in 1891, one title that would likely have interested both her and Dr. Lord was a biography of John Murray (1741-1815), who was the founder of the Universalist denomination in the United States: *The Life of Reverend John Murray* (Boston 1891) by Judith Sargent Murray, John Murray, and G. L. Demarest.

Towne: Benjamin Hill's *The North Shore of Massachusetts Bay* (1881), mentions the charming English villa in Manchester-by-the-Sea, summer residence of Mrs. John Henry Towne of Philadelphia (p. 51), Maria R. Tevis Towne (1822 - 12 September 1892). John Henry Towne (1818-1875) was an engineer who was successful as a designer of heavy steam ships

and a major contributor to University of Pennsylvania science programs. In *Memories of a Hostess*, Fields recalls Mrs. Towne and her daughter, Helen, in Manchester by the Sea.

The identity of "Uncle" — if that is what Jewett wrote — is not known.

Foulke: This person has not yet been identified.

Eagle Head: A small peninsula south of Manchester by the Sea.

Hayward's: The identity of this person is not yet known. It is possible she is Silvanus Hayward's surviving daughter, Bell (1856-1913). Her sister, Grace Hayward, had died on 23 February 1891. Key to Correspondents and Find a Grave.

memoir of Italian Lady: The book Jewett sent has not yet been identified.

The manuscript of this letter appears in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255). Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett

8 July 1891*

I have wanted awfully to write to you, dear My Fellow Traveller: yet somehow at bad moments couldn't & at good ones fell to dreaming instead. And so it has waited til now for me to send a little flying pilgrim on to you, with love under its wing.

It's been somehow a difficult kind of a time, with one shining spot for which to be everlastingly grateful — 36 hours at Niagara!

Mrs Lawrence* asked me long ago to stay with her there — & I did not want to miss all this period of solemn & tender experience with her — so I went just for this — instead of the fortnight.

[*Page 2*]

When once I saw that supreme sight before I knew it was an altar: & all I had felt came home to me a thousand fold: & I shall dream forever of the picture* which must be painted there. Some day we will speak of it — & and of the rainbow which came & "stood round about the throne" — *

Then back again: & in the [rustic *?*], how good to get your dear letter & that Story of the Great Day at [Berks *?*]. It made me [weep *?*] for joy: & you a-walking in the Procession & being a Vice President!* O do come soon & tell me more — & all about everything beside.

[*Page 3*]

I am all the more curious about the Lafayette remembrance* because my uncle was always said to be extremely like that friendly gentleman — & in short this is what comes of being the ^great^ grand-daughter of Bennette — Claude — de Rivière - Merlino de Saint Prie* ———

Dear I saw A.F.* today and she told me that your mother had not been quite so well — & this makes me to send more love, & ever the wishes & the prayers for comfort & renewal — &

So I am yours*

SW

Notes

1891: The envelope associated with this letter is addressed to Jewett in South Berwick.

Mrs. Lawrence: Robert Mainfort and Mary Kwas (University of Arkansas) identify this person as Elizabeth Chapman Lawrence (1829-1905), one of Whitman's correspondents. See *E.L., The Bread Box Papers: a biography of Elizabeth Chapman Lawrence*, (1983) by Helen H. Gemmill. She was married to the diplomat, Timothy Bigelow Lawrence (d. 1869). Her home was the Aldie Mansion in Doylestown, PA.

the picture: The Wikipedia article on Whitman includes a pastel drawing of Niagara Falls from 1898.

stood round about the throne: See the Bible, Revelations 7:11.

Berks … Vice President: Whitman refers to South Berwick and to Jewett's role in the July 1, 1891 celebration of the centennial of the Berwick Academy, of which Jewett was one of the organizers.

Lafayette remembrance: Whitman seems to have read Jewett's "Peg's Little Chair," which would appear in *Wide Awake* in August 1891. The French Marquis de Lafayette (1757-1834) was an enormously popular hero in the United States after his participation in the American Revolution of 1776. The Marquis and Marquise de Lafayette made a grand tour of the United States in 1825. Jewett's story depicts a fictional incident in that tour.

Bennette — Claude — de Rivière - Merlino de Saint Prie: Whether Whitman intended m-dashes or hyphens between these names is uncertain. Her great-grandfather was Bennette Claude Merlino de Saint Pry (1764-1843). Spellings vary: Prie, Pry, Prix. A friend of Lafayette, he was a French merchant in Boston during the period of the American Revolution. See also: Helena Merlino de Saint Pry Treat (1779-1815), daughter of Merlino de Saint Pry and Whitman's grandmother.

A.F.: Annie Adams Fields.

yours: As indicated below and also noted on the envelope (with two stamps) associated with this letter, Whitman sent along a sonnet, "Sursum Corda" (Latin. Upward, hearts!). The manuscript of the sonnet does not appear with the letter.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904. 92 letters; [1884]-[1903] & [n.d.] Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 - 107.

Transcription from *Letters of Sarah Wyman Whitman* (1907)

Part of this letter appeared on p. 69.

I have wanted awfully to write to you, dear My Fellow Traveller; yet somehow at bad moments couldn't, and at good ones fell to dreaming instead. . . .

It's been somehow a difficult kind of a time, with one shining spot for which to be everlastingly grateful, thirty-six hours at Niagara! E. L. asked me long ago to stay with her there, and I did not want to miss all this period of solemn and tender experience with her, so I went just for this, instead of the fortnight.

When once I saw that supreme sight before I knew it was an altar; and all I had felt came home to me, a thousand fold: and I shall dream forever of the picture which must be painted there. Someday we will speak of it, and of the rainbow which came and "stood round about the throne."

With this letter was the following sonnet.

SURSUM CORDA

Behold an altar radiantly fair
Lit with white flames drawn from the heart of things!
Here pour oblations of majestic springs
Fed by the sky in some wide upland air;
Here rises incense warm with scent of dawn.
Gold with the sunset, purple with the night,
Here shines a snowy pavement dazzling bright
For saints and little children and the worn
Footsteps of martyrs who have gained their palm.
O God! of Thee alone this splendor tells.
In power, in continuity, in calm;
In air ineffable where color dwells,
Or in still voices where are borne along
Strains of an incommunicable song.

Niagara, July 2, 1891.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Wyman Whitman

[*Soon after 8 July 1891*]*

Dear S.W. I love you and thank you for the letter and for the sonnet in all its great beauty — What will you do next kind little fairy! you play with every art and listen to those who are wiser than we and bring back their words

[*Page 2*]

and messages. Now I have fast hold of your busy warm little every day hand and next I see you fluttering away out of sight with bright creatures of the air. And when I try to say things about you, you make me throw away my fear.

Dear darling

[*Page 3*]

I find a world of meaning in your poem and I take it as you said it for one more word that we shall both remember, something between you and me that you say and I do not forget. It is the truest and best of [words *corrected*] about that great sight of the waters at [Niagara *corrected*] — a wonderful flight of words as if the

[*Page 2*]

sonnet came like a white bird out of the sky. And I wish only one thing, that some day you would read it to me —

Notes

1891: See Whitman to Jewett of 8 July 1891, in which she reported rapturously her first view of Niagara Falls and included her sonnet, "Sursum Corda." The poem appears with this letter in *Letters of Sarah Wyman Whitman.* Its title is the

motto on Whitman's gravestone at Mount Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge, MA.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 6, Item 277

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Thursday mornng

[*9 July 1891*]*

Dearest little Fuff

I couldn't help clinging to a hope that you would come down for a single night but I do see how hard it would be for you to get away —— Mary* is coming home tonight after what 'pears to be a very nice time. I am so glad she could be away — and she couldn't have had a better time. ^She was having a lovely time being with you.^*

I cant think of much to tell

[*Page 2*]

you this morning except of the pleasant weather and the usual goings on in the village. I went over to see old Mrs. Paul at the tavern* after tea and carried her an offering of a variegated pink and white double petunia and we had a beautiful occasion. She is such a nice old woman and getting feeble so that she doesn't do much but sit by her bedroom window and amuse herself by watching the people in the

[*Page 3*]

street — Just before tea the new acquaintance whom I call "the Kipling girl" came to make me a call, and I enjoyed her very much — I laughed so and [so *?*] did she at one thing — I ventured the subject of Mr. Rudyard Kipling* again and she said while we were upon it — "He was such a conceited [*deleted letters*] little upstartish fellow" — (this was a few years go) "that my sister wouldn't let me come down when he [called *corrected*]

[*Page 4*]

because she said he would ask me to dance and she wouldn't have her dancing with the little conceited thing. Think of the glor-r-ry it would be to me now!" — She has such a funny Irish accent and is most entertaining — I believe that she is going to join the sister [with *corrected*] whom she was at Simla, in Portugal — & leaves her cousins here today to sail on Saturday — What a droll person to drift into this small harbor with its prim New England ways!

[*Page 5*]

I didn't get much work done yesterday here at the desk. Mother was not so well as usual, but she is better again today, and I had to be on deck as S.W.* sometimes says — I had a dear letter from her last night — I had to ask about the portrait and how it goes on. It is terribly sad what you say of Elmwood. I feared it all the other day. I wish you had seen Mabel* —

How dear about "Sister Lizzie"*

[*Page 6*]

You must shingle her with little shawls and keep the furnace alight & with dry air in the house she wont get cold, but she has ^got^ pretty well heated by this time of course in Baltimore, & will have to be carefuller than we-uns. I shall take the first chance I can to go over.

Good-bye my darling, from

Your P.L.

I think this Salvation army paper* very interesting & well done dont you?

[*Up the left margin and then across the top margin of page 1*]

"Pitsy Pies" — is Pretty Surprise, the horse !! Fuff was going to have him for dinner I suppose! They do so much good dont they?

Notes

9 July 1891: Jewett refers to her letter from Sarah Wyman Whitman of 8 July 1891. Also, see notes below.

Mary: Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

with you: Jewett has inserted this sentence between the final two lines of this page.

Mrs. Paul at the tavern: Sarah F. Johnson (1818-1892), wife of Josiah Paul. They operated the Paul Hotel in South Berwick until their deaths in 1892.

Rudyard Kipling: Key to Correspondents. The identity of the Kipling girl remains unknown.

S.W.: Sarah Wyman Whitman. Key to Correspondents. At this time, she may have been at work on a portrait of Oliver Wendell Homes, Sr. This portrait, completed in 1892, is displayed at the Moody Medical Library, University of Texas.

Mabel: Mabel Lowell Burnett, daughter of James Russell Lowell, who died in August 1891. Key to Correspondents. The Lowell residence, in Cambridge, MA was Elmwood.

"Sister Lizzie": Annie Fields's sister, Elizabeth Adams. See Annie Fields in Key to Correspondents.

Salvation army paper: This reference remains mysterious. The Salvation Army appears in a minor way in Rudyard Kipling's story, "A Disturber of Traffic," which appeared in *Atlantic* in September 1891. Or perhaps she refers to the Salvation Army publication, *All the World*. Or perhaps she sends Fields a recent article on the organization.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Elizabeth Cabot Cary Agassiz to Annie Adams Fields

July 10th

[*about 1891*]*

Nahant —

My dear friend

I will not waste paper in accounting for my silence — but thank you with all my heart and that I can find a free moment* for the picture — I had never seen it and it recalls an earlier time when Agassiz first came to this country —

I have had Mr & Mrs Theodore Lyman* with

[*Page 2*]

since you left — You may know that he is a great moralist, — almost helpless in the prime of life from creeping paralysis! His heroism & [sweetness *?*] are proof against it all — but what a trial for an active man who loved work, and cared to be useful not only in his family & immediate

[*Page 3*]

circle but was also so good a citizen, — so helpful in public affairs.

Thank you also for the account of the Atkinson oven* — I have not bought one yet, but my cook is much interested about it & anxious to try it.

Good bye with love always

from your

E C Agassiz —

Notes

1891: This date is speculative, but likely to be close. Wikipedia says that Theodore Lyman III suffered from increasing paralysis during the last decade of his life, which would be from about 1887. The Aladdin Cooker came to market in 1889. I have arbitrarily chosen a date in the middle of Lyman's final decade and a few years after the introduction of the cooker.

moment: After this word appears a mark that could a comma.

Lyman: American scientist, soldier, and politician from Massachusetts, Theodore Lyman III (1833-9 September 1897). His wife was Elizabeth Russell. See Wikipedia.

oven: American economist, inventor and a founder of the American Anti-Imperialist League, Edward Atkinson (1827-1905) marketed his early version of a slow cooker, the Aladdin Cooker, in 1889. Wikipedia.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, James Thomas Fields papers and addenda mssFI 1-5637, Box 1.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mabel Lowell Burnett

South Berwick Maine

11 July 1891

Dear Mabel

I have been meaning to write to you and to send this letter from the Forty-Years-in-a-Moorland Parish-man* which I thought your father* might like to see. We were talking about the book when I was at Elmwood last.

[*Page 2*]

Please put the letter into your desk for me.

If I had written you last week I should have had no end of things to say about our Academy Great Day.* It really was most delightful and the village was so pretty and everybody so glad to see everybody else — why Harvard's two-hundred and fiftieth was hardly more of

[*Page 3*]

an occasion!

Since then my mother has been very ill again and I have been in her room most of my time — and in the last few days she has been more comfortable so that I have been copying a story and looking out of the garden window a good deal, by turns.

I have only spent a Sunday at Manchester since Mrs. Fields*

[*Page 4*]

went there. She has been pretty well until lately when her eyes have refused to believe themselves. She gets very lonely not being able to read — and I wish, as I often have before that I were two S.O.J.s instead of one and ^then^ one could go to Manchester and the other stay at home.

Your letter was so funny about the hot weather at Petersham. I should like to hear the end of your rural experience{,} that being an edifying beginning — Goodbye with

[*Up the left margin & across the top of page 1*]

love from your very affectionate S.O.J. and please give my love to your father too. I think very often of you both and I hope that there is good news about coughs from each of you!

Notes

Parish-man: *Forty Years in a Moorland Parish: Reminiscences and Researches in Danby in Cleveland* by John Christopher Atkinson (1814-1900), British author, priest, and antiquary. Wikipedia.

father: James Russell Lowell (died 12 August 1891), Burnett's father. Key to Correspondents. The family home was Elmwood in Cambridge, MA.

Academy Great Day: The centennial celebration of the founding of Berwick Academy took place on 1 July 1891.

James Russell Lowell delivered an oration at Harvard University's celebration of its 250th anniversary in November 1886.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 2 A.L.s. to Mabel (Lowell) Burnett: South Berwick, 11 Jul 1891. Box: 4 Identifier: MS Am 1659, (397-398).

Louisa Loring Dresel to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Letterhead*]*

Langen-Schwalbach

July 11. 1891.

Isn't the above romantic; Castle-on-the-Rhine, Stage-scenery sort of business? I mean to go sketching there some day, haven't been there yet, but chose this sheet because it was the prettiest picture. Now I am going to have a good time writing to you, dear S.O.J. { — } because I have any number of letters which I ought to write but don't, I reward myself beforehand, on the Alice-through-the-Lookingglass* principle, by writing one which I do want to, and about which there is no "ought." Quite suddenly I had a feeling as if I could wait no longer, — it is so long since we said how do you do to each other! & I cannot bear to be so long without news of you — so please write me a nice letter in answer as soon as this reaches you!

[*Page 2*]

my address almost till we leave (for the next six weeks about) is: C/O professor J. Seegen.

(Seevilla)

Alt-Ausser

Steiermark

Austria.

You can leave out "Seevilla" if you like, but the rest is desirable.

I suppose news of my wanderings has reached you by round-about channels, through Mamma, & the aunts & "the ladies" & Mrs. Fields, but it is much lonelier for me, no one writes but Mamma, & she gives no news, only once she said you had a particularly good new story,* which she would send to me, and then she didn't!

Whenever I think of America I like to remember that you are there —

This sounds a little as if it were only one person that need survive for me there — but it is not quite that! It is that I have equivalents here for many friendships & relationships there, — a sort of double set arrangement, quite practical in itself! But you are an odd piece — take this as a compliment or not! it doesn't sound like one

does it? & I cannot imagine any one in the place you fill to me.

But though it is a dreadful tug at one's heartstrings to part from friends in Europe after having seen them just long enough to realize how dear they are, still, every time I come over here I get more settled in my mind

[*Page 3*]

that Boston is the place of all others in which to take permanent root — in spite of missing much that appeals to me in European life. I am quite, quite sure now that I could never be satisfied to live permanently anywhere else — As a vacation spree of course I can find places & things here which enchant & fascinate me completely, but it is now always a feeling of play-time with me when I am "on this side" & after a time one wants to go back to the something else — In fact, I am doomed to be a globe-trotter, & a long vista of awful ocean voyages seems to open before me! For even as I think & write of home, & feel as if I belonged in my own little niche there, I find myself planning a European trip which shall be all sketching, & no baths & cures & nonsense of that kind to interfere! At present this is my great love & grievance, — there are some perfectly dear "subjects" here, old houses by the score, glimpses of quaint streets with hills beyond, old church-towers & arched bridges — & it makes the ends of my fingers feel wiggly whenever I think of them! but alas, my days are entirely occupied with application of "stahlwasser" iron-water, internally & externally as well! The baths eat up the whole morning

[*Page 4*]

& after dinner which is at one, I am far too sleepy & tired for anything but the sofa & a novel, & at four or after one sallies forth again, but with the business of drinking several glasses of the springs little time remains till one returns for supper at seven. After supper the younger members of our boarding house company usually go for another walk — We have had some very hot weather & then this was the pleasantest part of the day; there are hills just behind the house, & stretches of grain fields & meadow up their sides, & from the top one looks down upon the queer crazy roofs of the old part of the town, & far away to other hills, covered with woods to their very tops — at one side of the church nestled among old trees, at the other the "Chaussée" stretching away toward Ems. The days are longer here at this season than at home, & at 9 it is still light — & the sunsets from the hill-tops have been often so exquisite that it made me absolutely wretched — They are more dreamy & less gorgeous than our New England ones, & make me quite miserable partly because there is always an agreeable sort of pathos about the sunset hours!

[*Page 5*]

2.

We come back with our hands full of the most gorgeous wild flowers, scarlet poppies & "blue" corn-flowers" (is there not another name in English?) & all sorts of pink & purple things that grow among the wheat — many of the fields look like one huge nosegay, — in some places there are more poppies than wheat ears! We are apt to come back through the town, by which time it is darker, & no one notices that we are without hats, & we stop in at one of the Beer-gardens & such as please refresh themselves with a tall bumper —

There are a number of quite young girls in the house, & they all make one feel quite elderly by coming to ask me to go to walk in the evenings or to the open-air concerts, in case [none *corrected*] of the elderly ladies ~~is not~~ are inclined to play chaperone — The house is kept by three middle aged spinster sisters, retired schoolma'arms, & I assure you a flavor of schoolroom authority lingers about the establishment! The

[*Page 6*]

younger girls are quite subdued by it, but the older ladies rather grumble when we are brought to task about being five minutes late to dinner, or stay away from a meal without previous notice! They must have been excellent disciplinarians, but they are new to the vocation of landlady & I fear will have to modify their tactics! Of course I refuse to be impressed, & consequently am much better off than anyone else — have my breakfast served in my room without a remonstratory murmur, & have even acquired the largest milk-pitcher & biggest tea-tray in the house —

— Of course Schwalback isn't Pyrmont — it is modern, fashionable, practical, flourishing & has none of the by-gone gentility, musty grandeur & old-world flavor of quiet sleepy little Pyrmont. Also, there is no Marianne* here for me! but there would not have been in Pyrmont either this

year, & I came here partly on account of the more bracing climate, & partly to be near a

[*Page 7*]

whole crew of German relatives, who live in Wiesbaden, only one hour away by rail. Helene & Uncle Julius* among the number — Every fifth or sixth day is an "off-day" from bathing, & nearly each time I have been in Wiesbaden for the day [or *corrected*] some of them have been here, & of course this has been decidedly enlivening.

I hope my cousin Helen will come & make me a visit of a few days before I leave Schwalbach — She is such a dear creature, & it will be my last chance to see her — From here I am going direct to the Austrian Tyrol, (to be accurate, Steiermark, — Styria) & then probably either to Switzerland [or *corrected*] <u>via</u> Switzerland to England, without returning to Germany at all.

I must tell you that my Uncle Julius came home, the day he & Helene & Mamma were at Mrs. Fields' & told me that he had enjoyed a conversation extremely with a most charming & interesting young lady, — meaning you — but he entirely failed to comprehend your identity, & ever since has been bewailing himself that he lost his opportunity

[*Page 8*]

— he is an appreciative reader of several of your books, & regrets extremely that he did not know that you were Miss "<u>You</u>-witt" as he pronounced you! —

I am so glad you had a glimpse at least, of Helene — She is one of the very best, truest, bravest of people I know; I wish you could know her well. She is so unselfish that she makes me feel like a selfish mean little pig whenever we are long together, which is of course most salutory or is it <u>tary</u> — but I love her so dearly that I don't mind feeling "small" a bit! Of course she has her faults, but they are all loveable ones. Isn't this the difference? that one loves some people <u>more</u> for their faults, not only in spite of them? — And it is a pleasant kind of person — not [snag-ey *?*] at all! — I am beginning to have less & less patience with people who are artificial — not exactly superficial, I do not mean that — but people who have contortions in their characters, & are difficult to understand — It seems to me more & more that frankness & openness on all subjects are the greatest conditions of true friendship —

[*Page 9*]

3

I do not mind brusqueness & want of tact half so much as some people do — I am beginning to care <u>much</u> much more for warmheartedness than I used to — you see, I fear I am getting older! I remember I used not to care very much, if I only found things pleasant & agreeable about me — but one does learn a little, [& *?*] I think it is worth a good deal to learn the value of sincere friendship & sympathy.

I had a very short time with Marianne. Only about 10 days — but our letters have been constant & there were no lost stitches to be picked up — only the <u>filling</u>-<u>in</u> of the skeletons which letters always are! And we did talk, just a little! — On the whole I felt more at ease about her in many ways, after seeing her, than I dared hope — & the parting was not hard on that account. — Do you know, I think it is rather

[*Page 10*]

a queer friendship! We really live entirely different lives, & differ entirely on many subjects! on <u>all</u> <u>superficial</u> subjects — & we fight "like man & wife," (as the old colored woman said) but at the very bottom of everything we think alike, & this always brings us together —

She is rather a Sphinx to me! I think I know her well, & then an entirely new side turns up. And I am sometimes unjust, & don't understand, & then suddenly find that she is miles ahead of me, when I thought her behind! Though I do not always understand her, of course— I resent violently the least hint from her that this is the case! She says that there are whole pages <u>of</u> <u>life</u>, (not of <u>her</u> life,) that are a sealed book to me — & she has put so many new doubts into my head that I am wondering whether it is so — but I am not sure after all whether <u>I</u> <u>know</u> <u>too</u> <u>little</u>, or she knows <u>too</u> <u>much</u> — It seems to me that one is better off to live a little in the clouds — which is what she

[*Page 11*]

accuses me of —

Or is it not a difference of temperament? I think it must be a touch of artist-nature that makes me oblivious to much that is her life — She says I am only exceedingly sensitive to anything which directly or <u>in</u>directly affects my art — & I think I am too impervious to artworld

influences — But can't one get the same thing another way?

I know she thinks I am too ~~hardened~~ ^much wanting^ in human sympathies —

And this is the key-note of her character — interest & sympathy in humanity! it is wonderful how vivid they are in her, even towards people she never has seen or known — she remembers every trifle & understands by trifles — & I forget everything of the kind, even when I want to remember!

I wish you w'd try to tell me some time what you think — Isnt she more a sort of Betty Leicester* girl? — But I cannot make it clear to myself — In fact I think I must be a little stupid in some directions, as she says

[*Page 12*]

At any rate Marianna is a tremendous mental tonic, & has a little the effect of one, — makes one a little dizzy at the time! especially in such a concentrated shape! you see it all had to be compressed into a small space this time, because we had no time to lose! & even then we didn't half get through, & it was rather tantalizing, though better than nothing.

From Dresden I went to Leipzig, on musical business, and to Berlin where I "swallowed" a huge picture exhibition (the Berlin "salon") in the space of 2 1/2 hours, & suffered from artistic indigestion in consequence! everything being a jumble in my mind! — My object was not pictures namely, but to visit my fiend Lili du Bois-Reymond,* who lives near Berlin — She is the daughter of the "Familie Mendelssohn" Hensel — granddaughter of Fanny, the sister of Felix — I cannot remember whether I ever told you about her — She is a very gifted & fascinating creature — just then, poor child, under a heavy cloud — her sister, whom she adored having just died, & under the saddest circumstances too, — & other minor troubles

[*Page 13*]

4.

& trials uniting, as such things will, to make life very dark indeed for a time. It is dreadful to see anyone meet grief hopelessly — without the comfort of belief, or at least hope, in spiritual things — I never so fully realized the difference it makes — for here there was everything else, but the missing faith, & nothing else could help at all.

I was with her three days & hated to leave her, as she seemed really to find comfort in my companionship — They live in a very small way, & I helped wash dishes, dusted the parlor & tended the baby! but though we said little, I know she felt how truly I could feel with her, & there was no need of words between us because we understood so well without —

I have not known her very long — she is rather a new-ish friend, but this visit strengthened the bond between us, & we shall both always remember it.

[*Page 14*]

Poor thing — occasionally one realizes the advantages of being single — (at all times in fact I do!) She is having a hard time — poor health, very limited means, & two babies — the elder ^was^ only a year old, & very delicate & backward, when the second appeared about a week ago! The compensations certainly seem feeble here against the disadvantages. — I have been manufacturing jackets for both babies, & am now starting a blanket — having actually sunk to crochet! But there are many moments here when one is fit for nothing better, & novels pall after a while I find —

My chief companion here has been a most amiable & lively elderly spinster from Berlin. We arrived on the same day, & soon became chums! I do wish you could put her in a story, — she is such fun. She lives in Berlin with one servant, named Flora, & a parrot named Lore, or "Lorchen", & a lap-dog named "Lottchen," & she takes snuff & is all together highly entertaining as a study. "Lottchen" seems to be the chief

[*Page 15*]

person in the household, — he is treated like a real person, has his birthday celebrated — <u>twice</u> a year! (his mistress says it is only fair, because he can't have so many as a human being at any rate!) by a birthday cake & presents, & actually sports a visiting-card, which however is only left [to *?*] especially devoted friends!

Of course all this is quite ridiculous, but the fun is, that the old lady quite sees it in that light herself & is constantly making fun of herself & all her belongings in a way which quite disarms all criticism — & she is the most kind-hearted creature one can imagine, with just a spice of mischief to season it — For instance she always surreptitiously pockets as many rolls as she thinks she might have eaten, with which she

feeds the swans on the pond in the park here! — & she insists they know her & wag their tails with joy when they see her.

[*Page 16*]

— Did you know that my little brother is disporting himself in London? — but perhaps you heard of him more directly through Mrs. Beal,* as he crossed with Boylston, & they seem to be indulging in sprees together! I am to meet Ellis somewhere in Switzerland & hope for a week in England with him before leaving — which alas, is very soon — Sept. 5 already — or rather 6th from Southampton. Ellie's friend Drage* seems to smuggle him into all sorts of meetings, trot him about everywhere, & see to his entertainment, & as he has other friends there too I imagine he will stay there as long as he can. By Sept. 15, I shall be in U.S.A., — probably first in Pepperell for a few weeks! rather a contrast to present scenes —

I am looking forward to my visit in Alt-Ausser with much pleasure — it is a lovely place — though unhappily not very sketchable, being rather too grandiose

[*Page 17*]

& theatrical, as Alpine Scenery is apt to be; but it is a lovely spot to be in, & our friends the Seegens always pet & spoil me in every possible way — Professor Seegen is so nice, we are quite particularly good friends — & she is a most affectionate & devoted friend too — only one has to laugh at her a little, even when one likes her best. She hasn't much sense of humour, & is rather mystified by her husband's jokes & playful allusions — while he is delighted to find a responsive audience — it is always very funny to play that part, because there is a constant comedy going on between them — When a joke has been going on for some time, & every one else has had their laugh, it begins to dawn on her, in a faint glimmer — but she always looks on with smiling benevolence, very glad that her husband should be enjoying himself so well —

[*Page 18*]

Now I think this is not a very interesting letter and had better come to an end — I have been writing at all sorts of odd times & places — At the Bath-house while waiting for my bath for instance! one lives a vagabond life in these watering-places — even in a pouring rain, with the thermom. at 55° F. which is today's weather!

I hope for your own sake that this letter will not reach you when you are very very busy, because it is rather a long one to get through with! But I believe I have been writing everything to Mamma that was at all interesting, & it is such a bore to write things twice over — Perhaps from Ausser I shall be able to tell you something more interesting —

If you are in Manchester when this reaches you, & think of letting Mama see this letter, please dont! Merely because I am afraid she might misunderstand some of the things I said about Marianne. These two, my mother

[*Page 19*]

& M. are very fond of each/other in a way, & yet really do not know each other in the least! I suppose the difficulty of intercourse — the two languages — [has *corrected from* have] stood in the way — At any rate, I think Mamma might not understand it, & it would make her imagine things as they are not — ^& perhaps feel badly^ — I think she is not quite just to M. always — probably because she thinks M. a little severe to me at times —

That you may not have understood my meaning is of less consequence, because you wouldn't care & I wouldn't care! — Beside you generally do understand — in fact you are quite naughty about knowing all sorts of things that you never have been told.

Marianne says the world is [*deletion*] ^inhabited^ by two sorts of people, one kind, one says "A" to, & they respond "B, C & D.," — & the other kind one has to go through the entire alphabet before they begin to

[*Page 20*]

catch a glimmer! But I say there is a third Class — where one doesn't even always have to say "A."!

— Tell me what you have been doing this summer — where you have been — whether you have been writing — whether you are flourishing in general — & also whether your mother has had a good summer? —

You may already have gathered that I am much friskier than two months ago, & I hope to be in better trim still before I turn my face westward again —

— There was a pause just now, as the house was being photographed & the boarders were requested to appear at the windows! The three

Graces* who preside over the Establishment formed a conspicuous group at the front door, — in the immediate foreground, with roses in their hands, carefully [attitudinized *corrected*] {.} — I am looking forward to the unfinished pictures with undisguised impatience!

——- Much love to Mrs. Fields* — & if you ever have time, write a few lines at least to yrs. ever faithfully Loulie.

Notes

Letterhead: This letter opens on black-bordered, decorated stationery featuring an etching of a village at the base of two hills, within a frame embellished with vines. At the top of the left hill are a fortress and a church, possibly ruins. On the right hill are several buildings. This image is labeled: Hohenstein, followed by three words not readable in the image available to me.

Given that Dresel writes from Langen-Schwalbach, this almost certainly is the Hohenstein in Hesse, near Darmstadt, Germany. Wikipedia confirms that this Hohenstein Castle is a ruin.

Alice: Dresel refers to *Through the Looking-Glass* (1871) by British author, Lewis Carroll (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, 1832-1898).

Seegen: Dresel refers to Austrian physician Josef Seegen (1822-1904), who served as a spa doctor and did research on how mineral waters helped in treating disease, particularly diabetes, publishing a study on Diabetes mellitus in 1893. See Czech Wikipedia.

new story: Jewett's new stories in early 1891 were "A Native of Winby" and "The Failure of David Berry."

Marianne: Marianne Theresia Brockhaus. Key to Correspondents.

Helene & Uncle Julius: Otto Dresel's half-brother. Julius Dresel (1816-1891?) became an immigrant wine-grower in Texas and then in Sonoma, California. While this is not certain, Helene probably was his daughter.

Betty Leicester: Betty is a socially apt teenager in Jewett's 1890 novel, *Betty Leicester, A Story for Girls*.

Lili du Bouis-Reymond: German businessman and author, Sebastian Ludwig Felix Hensel (1830-1898) was the son of pianist and composer Fanny Mendelssohn (1805-1847) and painter Wilhelm Hensel (1794–1861). German composer Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847) was his uncle. He was the compiler/author of a history of the distinguished Mendelssohn family: *Die Familie Mendelssohn 1729-1847: nach Briefen und Tagebüchern* (1879).

German author, Lili Hensel du Bois-Reymond (1864-1948) was the youngest of his 5 children. Her only sister was Fanny Hensel Römer (1857-1891). Wikipedia.

See Dresel to Jewett of 8 October 1888.

Mrs. Beal ... Boylston: Louisa Jane Beal (sister of Annie Adams Fields) and her son, Boylston. See Fields in Key to Correspondents.

Drage: This person has not yet been identified.

three Graces: In Greek mythology, goddesses who represented aspects of ideal beauty.

Fields: Annie Adams Fields.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Schlesinger Library of Radcliffe College in the Ellis Gray Loring family Papers, 1824-1925: Call Number: A-115; Box 2.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Samuel Thomas Pickard

South Berwick

19 July 1891

Dear Mr. Pickard

I meant to write to you many days ago to tell you how much we liked and appreciated your report of our celebrations but at first my mother was ill again and then I went to stay with Mrs. Fields* for a few days, and

[*Page 2*]

so my letters have been neglected.

I wished to ask you too for the manuscript of your most interesting response.* In sending back the report to us, the stenographer says that she did not report it as it was a little difficult to hear from where she sat, and besides

[*Page 3*]

she saw that you had it in writing. She was most considerate about not reporting any more than was necessary — but I fear lest you may have destroyed or mislaid the paper after two weeks and more, or that my late demand may cause you some trouble. There was a good bit of

[*Page 4*]

it in the Transcript that week, or a suggestion of it at any rate I remember.

And I will not ask you to send it to me at once ^within a week will do^ — because we have not yet got about the Memorial which is to be published — I suppose that being in 'my line,' I shall have to take it up after I get three or four sketches off my hands which were tossed into corners of desks

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

a month before the great day — With kindest regards & thanks for your kind letter yours most truly S.O. Jewett

Notes

Fields: Annie Adams Fields.

response: Pickard's "The Province of the Academy," a short speech delivered at the celebration of the centennial of the founding of the Berwick Academy on 1 July 1891, appears in *A Memorial of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of Berwick Academy*, pp. 62-3.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, Pickard-Whittier papers: Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909, MS Am 1844, Box 9, item 537.

Robert Collyer to Annie Adams Fields

South Ashfield Mass

July 25th 1891

Ever dear friend

I would love to come right away but have written Hattie* that I will go and see her and the Bairns at Sugar Hill next week and bring her here to spend a week with us. Us means my dear daughter from Chicago and her three boys and here means a very nice house I have taken for the summer where we are very quiet. My good Sister keeps house for us and we wander up hill and down dale though this lovely land in a light trap with a horse who never runs away. So you see I am on duty. I am nine grandfathers and seven of the weans* have a lasso on me these days and are all pulling two ways. But I will come along if all is well in the week between the 16th and the 25th and will start early enough to have a two or three days visit in Manchester if there is room for me then. No other home

[*Page 2*]

place after my own, which is [foursome *?*] all told, is quite so near to me as yours dear friend but not in the sense of the sad refrain over "The tender light of a day that is dead"* because the days are not dead when I was so blessed at your fire side but of all days they do come back to me as on the wings of Gods angels.

How rich I am through his good fellowship and yours my friends. How I go over those times with a mist of tears. Well well let us thank God for the tender light of the days that can never die. If you should see Dr Bartol* tell him I send my love

Indeed always yours

Robert Collyer

Notes

Hattie: Collyer refers to his daughters, Harriet and Emma, and to his sister, Martha. See Collyer in Key to Correspondents.

weans: Wee ones.

quiet: Collyer omits many periods in this letter. I have supplied them wherever they seem necessary.

dead: Collyer quotes this line in his sermon, "The Joy of Youth" (1898). Presumably he has modified the final lines of "Break, Break, Break," by British poet Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892): "But the tender grace of a day that is dead / Will never come back to me." Collyer lost his second wife in 1890.

Bartol: Cyrus Augustus Bartol (1813-1900) was a Unitarian clergyman in Boston. Richard Cary notes that Bartol was "influential in the religious life and thought of Boston for half a century. An associate of James Russell Lowell's father, Rev. Bartol became noted for his original, radical, epigrammatic sermons."

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 10: mss FI 1-5637.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Friday night

[*Summer 1891*]*

My dearest Fuff

(I meant to send a message to Miss Hale,* but I sealed up my letter and sent it off before I

thought! I do hope that your sister* is going to stay over Sunday at least —) How nice that you find something so interesting in the Browning book!* and now I suppose you will take the Laurence Oliphant* — but it occurs

[*Page 2*]

to me that Lady Dufferin* and R. Browning and the Oliphants are a [funny *?*] combination!

— (I send you A. Howe's letter which has nice kind things in it — I had forgotten that Mrs James Howe and the little boy* are coming home this summer. This has been another busy day, but) I got time for a little visit to Miss Grant* this afternoon which I enjoyed very much. It is so touching to see her

[*Page 3*]

and hear her! When I told her that Mother was comfortable "Oh what a word it is!" she said, in a way that I never can forget. She suffers very much poor thing! — "It takes every body to know everything!" she said once in quite her brisk old way, and we had a good few minutes together.

(I believe that I shall go to town tomorrow — (there is a fast train that leaves here (or Rollinsford) at half past eight, and I can have

[*Page 4*]

plenty of time and more too before the half past three train or four o'clock). I may have to go out to the press, it is about some printing &c — upon which I am casting the light of my wild imagination. How I should like to spend even half an hour with you! but I shall be coming along soon, and staying longer — Goodnight dear dear Fuff from your Pinny.*

Pinny finded a place in Miss Grant's lane today where 4 leaf clovers were so thick that she picked a bunch and then saw so many more that she was discouraged & she comed away.

Notes

Summer 1891: Fields penciled 1894 in the upper right of page 1. However, it seems more likely that this letter is from 3 years earlier. Jewett probably gave Fields the Lady Dufferin book for her birthday in June of 1891. Though 1892 could be possible, Jewett and Fields were together in Europe that summer. Seen notes below.

Parenthesis marks in this letter are in green pencil, added by Fields.

Miss Hale: Probably Ellen Day Hale (1854-1940), daughter of Edward Everett Hale. She studied with William Morris Hunt and at the Julian Art School in Paris. Later she established a studio in Boston and became notable for her portraits, landscapes, and genre paintings.

your sister: Fields had three sisters; the painter Elizabeth (Lizzie / Lissie) Adams (1825-1898), who resided in Baltimore, MD., is known to have visited Fields at this time, as is noted in other letters from summer of 1891. Key to Correspondents.

Browning book: In the period from 1888 to 1891, a large number of books about Robert Browning appeared. Perhaps of special interest to Fields and Jewett in 1891 would have been *Life and Letters of Robert Browning* (1891) by Sutherland Orr and *Browning's Message to his Time* (1891) by Edward Berdoe.

Laurence Oliphant: Laurence Oliphant (1829-1888) was a British author, diplomat and Christian mystic. He lived many of his later years in Palestine. To which book of his Jewett refers is not evident; his last book was *Scientific Religion* (1888).

Lady Dufferin: Our *Viceregal Life in India* (1889), by Hariot Hamilton-Temple-Blackwood, Marchioness of Dufferin (1843-1936). A letter of 2 June 1891 contains Jewett's request that the Lady Dufferin book be delivered to Annie Fields.

A. Howe's ... Mrs James Howe ... little boy: Alice Greenwood Howe. Key to Correspondents.

Though George Dudley Howe had a brother, James, he died in infancy. A Dr. James Sullivan Howe (1858-1914), residing in nearby Brookline, MA, married Annie Louisa Bigelow, and they had two children: Fanny (b. 1884) and James Sullivan, Jr. (b. 1886). The latter would have been a little boy in 1894. Whether or how he was related to George Dudley Howe remains unknown, and so we cannot be sure that Annie Louisa Howe is the Mrs. James Howe Jewett mentions.

Miss Grant: Olive Grant. Key to Correspondents.

Pinny: Pinny Lawson (Pinny / Pin) was an affectionate nickname for Jewett, used by her and Annie Fields.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Lilian Woodman Aldrich

South Berwick

2nd of August 1891

My dear Lilian

I must send you a word tonight — I have been meaning to write but somehow the summer has slipped away very fast. I wish that I knew where you are* and if you are well and if this is like all the summers in being your best summer.

[*Page 2*]

(I hope especially that Mr. Pierce* is ever so much stronger and better than he was in the spring. I never shall forget our feast! I believe it must have been a great tonic and quite like a turning point in his case — not that it was such a serious case but a very good feast. I have been very well ever since !! — I need not say that I have been here almost all the time after I

[*Page 3*]

have told you that my mother's sad illness still goes on.* Earlier in the summer she was wonderfully better for a time but now she is very poorly again and suffers a great deal. I have only been able to get to Manchester twice, for a very few days, since Mrs. Fields* went there in June and as she was not a bit well for the first few weeks I was worried enough. I am hoping that if things are going better here she will come over for a day or two this week. She

[*Page 4*]

has had guests coming and going as usual and it is very cheerful and gay along the shore but she misses Mrs. Lodge* very much there always, and with Mrs. Howe away this year and Mrs. Bell & Mrs. Pratt,* her own particular little circle seems much broken. Mrs. Whitman* is the best of friends though, and she goes often to see Dr. Holmes* and has been to town rather more than usual about the 'poor folk' {.}*

I cant think of much news to tell you dear friends, only Berwick news! — Which you would find rather dull. So I am going to send my letter off without it just to carry

[*Up the left margin and then across the top margin of page 1*]

you my love and to say how glad I shall be when you come back again. I keep looking for stories in the magazines by T.B.A.* which would seem a little like seeing himself and you.

Yours every affectionately

S. O. J.

Notes

where you are: The Aldriches were in Europe in the summer of 1891, in London in July.

Mr. Pierce: Henry Lille Pierce. Key to Correspondents. The opening parenthesis at the beginning of this sentence appears to be in another hand.

goes on: Caroline Frances Perry Jewett died 21 October 1891.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields.

misses Mrs. Lodge: Mary Langdon Greenwood (Mrs. James) Lodge died 21 December 1889. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Howe ... Mrs. Bell & Mrs. Pratt: Mrs. Howe almost certainly is Julia Ward Howe. For her as well as for Helen Choate Bell and Eliza Pratt, see Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Whitman: Sarah Wyman Whitman. Key to Correspondents.

Dr. Holmes: Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr. Key to Correspondents.

'poor folk': Annie Fields worked with Associated Charities of Boston.

T.B.A.: Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Thomas Bailey Aldrich Papers, 119 letters of Thomas Bailey and Lilian Woodman Aldrich, 1837-1926. MS Am 1429 (117).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Loring Dresel

South Berwick

2nd of August 1891

My dear Loulie

It was good to get your long letter — and I read it as I was going to North Conway with Mrs. Whitman* — and I gave her [bits *corrected*] of news of you by the way. We were just going up for one night and it was an enchanting little holiday — the weather was most lovely and the

hills as green as June and we liked it very much — I like to tell you of it because you see that you made a part of it.

— I had been wishing to hear from you. I meant to write you too,

[*Page 2*]

but I didn't have your address* and to tell the truth, it has been a hard summer with me about getting letters done. My mother* is very ill again = these last few weeks, but I cant help holding on fast by hope since she has shown such great power of rallying her forces after these bad attacks. It has been very hard not to get discouraged though — and I think that her patience is the great thing [that *corrected*] keeps up our hearts.

You tell me a great deal in your letter. I think it is all very natural, your

[*Page 3*]

feeling toward your friend. I cant think of her as being like Betty Leicester,* but perhaps I should if I had seen her and lived beside her. I think that I dont understand her very well yet, though she is quite a distinct figure in my mind. I never do get at German people and things easily — while French persons and ways come quite by nature — perhaps it is a subtle sort of kinship not yet bred out of me — you know that I do really come of French stock on one side

[*Page 4*]

of my grandfathers and grandmothers?

— I have not seen Mrs. Dresel since just after you went away. I have only been at Manchester twice, once for Sunday and once for a few days [two *corrected*] weeks ago. I dont think that dear Mrs. Fields* has been very well this summer and I dread the winter for her — I wish that she could or would go away from Boston, at least to stay through December and January — I hope for a day or two from her this week. She is meaning to come over if my mother is well enough.

Oh yes Loulie! I did like your cousin Helena* so very much. I

[*Page 5*]

have found myself thinking of her with real pleasure and [*unrecognized word* belongingly *?*], and I shall always be looking forward to seeing her again. I wish you would give my love to her and say that she must please not to forget me! I am eager to have you talk more about her, so that I may make sure of knowing her as much as possible — I do remember now many things that you have said in past times, and I like your uncle too — and remember what a pleasant talk we had. I hope that he is as contented

[*Page 6*]

and happy as [we *or* one] could [wish *corrected*] among his old friends and in his own country. I wish that you had told me more of them but you will when we meet. How soon that will be! — I love to have you say what you do about Boston! my young New Englander! I shall be very glad to have you come back dear Loulie, and I [am *corrected*] so glad that you are better. I dont feel that I have answered the least bit of your letter but we [shall *corrected*] have many talks by and by!

Yours most affectionately

S.O.J

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 1*]

I am sending you a little story which I hope you will treat kindly — The little chair is a very old one that lives in my room but I made up its story. The two chairs* live in my room & I had their pictures taken for an illustration.

[*Up the left margin of page 6*]

— We call cornflowers Bachelor's buttons. I wonder why?

[*Apparently a postscript on two sides of a half page*]

I have some new photographs now — my last 'reel' in the Kodak was more successful than any— I shall show them to you this autumn — I wonder if I did not show you this [wintry *?*] bit of a picture of the old house? It is [is *repeated*] almost

[*Page 2*]

hidden behind the trees [at *corrected*] this time of the year — & looks much pleasanter — my windows are round at the right out of sight toward the big spruces. This is a return for the [lordly *?*] castle at the head of your letter!! What a fine little picture — it was so nice of you to pick it out. I shall expect

[*Up the left margin of the first page of the postscript*]

another [to *?*] begin your next letter.

Notes

Mrs. Whitman: Sarah Wyman Whitman. Key to Correspondents. North Conway NH is in a resort area of the White Mountains.

address: Associated with this letter is an envelope addressed to Mifs Louisa L. Dresel, Care of Professor I. Seegen, See Villa, Alt. Ausee, Steiermark, Austria. See Dresel to Jewett of 11 July 1891.

mother: Mrs. Jewett died in October 1891.

Betty Leicester: Jewett's *Betty Leicester: A Story for Girls* appeared in 1890.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields.

Helena: Jewett appears to have written this, but in Dresel's letter, she is Helene. Otto Dresel's half-brother Julius Dresel (1816-1891?) became an immigrant wine-grower in Texas and then in Sonoma, California. While this is not certain, Helene probably was his daughter.

two chairs: Jewett refers to her story, "Peg's Little Chair," which appeared in *Wide Awake* in August 1891, with illustrations by Edmund H. Garrett and H. D. Murphy. One illustration shows two chairs.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Milne Special Collections and Archives, University of New Hampshire Library, Durham, NH, USA: Sarah Orne Jewett Papers, 1849-1909 Series 1: Correspondence, MC 128 Box 1, Folder 6.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Sunday night

[*2 August 1891*]*

Dearest Fuff

I have been trying to get on my foreign letters today for I picked out a big pile of them from among the directed envelopes and I have nobly finished eight out of the twelve that really ought to be done. There being other funerals that I could go to! but these were heavy on my conscience — like* letters to Jessie and Katie Bradbury & A. Howe and Loulie* to whom I hadn't written at all and

[*Page 2*]

the other day such a long and friendly one came! I kept my letters up pretty well all the early part of the summer but now I seem to be getting far behind. I don't know when I had written to Jess! — It has turned out to be quite for the best about your not being able to come for Cousin Alice Gilman* must come tomorrow and I only hope that mother will be equal to taking some little pleasure* — She has been brighter this evening than for two or three days and

[*Page 3*]

more like herself but she has seemed so ill and dull, and could hardly move herself about at all. Tonight I noticed that she seemed much stronger and better —)

I thought of you at the little service at Mrs. Morse's* that morning. I remember it so well last year, and how pleasant is was going over.

When I see you you must tell me about it. Thank you for the notes — indeed I do like to have them dear Fuff — and to know about everything. I find that I am going to be glad to

[*Page 4*]

have Bill* come back, but I will say that the present [incumbent *corrected*] was to my mind a noble maker of puddings and we may never see her like again in that respect. There be Fuffatees that will presently enjoy little rice puddings that are too rich for such as Pinny, but it takes all sorts of folks to make the world! — I wish at this moment that I could remember Miss Grants* form of speech by which she expresses that noble thought — it is so quaint and funny.

(Did you tell poor little Katharine Foote* that my Wide Awake story is true? It isnt

[*Page 5*]

except the fact of my having the little chair* — I made up every bit of the story about it because I thought the dear thing ought to have a story! It belonged to my grandmother but I think it may have been her grandmothers before her! it has always been here in the house and nobody knows any more about it — but I love it a good deal. Good night dear darling because I am going to bed,* (after I go down stairs to remind Annie of Mothers lemonade and perhaps have a word with Mary* who is reading

[*Page 6*]

in the library — (Next Monday a week is her time for going to the Aunts at Little Boar's Head* and I do hope that she can get off. She reallys gets more tired and nervous and needs changes more than I do — and I must keep it in mind

more than ever, but if you cant slip over here I will try every way to have a night or two in Manchester — I do not want you to come so very much.

It was lovely of you to send Stubby* the book dear — I secreted it with pride and it will be such a pleasure. How did you remember it was his birthday I wonder? I got a little new book about birds — and Tuesday is the day —

Goodnight darling Fuff from your P.L.)

Notes

2 August 1891: Fields penciled "1891 August" in the upper right of page 1. This date is confirmed by other information in the notes below. Presumably, Jewett composed the letter the Sunday before her nephew's birthday on 4 August.

Fuff: Fields penciled in a semicolon after "Dearest" and deleted "Fuff."

like: Fields penciled several marks before "like" that appear to be a double open parenthesis.

Jessie ...Katie Bradbury ... A. Howe ... Loulie: In Key to Correspondents see Jessie Cochrane, Kate Bradbury, Alice Greenwood Howe, and Louisa Dresel.

Alice Gilman: Alice Dunlap Gilman. Key to Correspondents.

little pleasure: Jewett's mother, Caroline Jewett, died on 21 October 1891.

Mrs. Morse's: It seems likely that this is Harriet Jackson Lee (Mrs. Samuel Tapley) Morse. See Frances Morse in Key to Correspondents. Possibly Jewett refers to the death of Samuel T. Morse, which occurred on 6 November 1890, something less than a year before.

better —): This parenthesis mark like the others in this letter was penciled in by Fields. She also penciled in "begin." after this mark.

have Bill: Between these two words, Fields has inserted in pencil "you with."

The identity of Bill is not known, but she(?) appears to have been a cook in either the Jewett or the Fields household.

Grants: Olive Grant. Key to Correspondents.

poor little Katharine Foote: Fields has deleted this phrase and penciled an insertion "some one." Kate Grant Knowlton Foote. Key to Correspondents.

little chair: Jewett's "Peg's Little Chair" appeared in *Wide Awake* (33:204-214), August 1891.

to bed: Fields has penciled in an insertion: "your P.L." for Pinny Lawson, a Jewett nickname.

Annie ... Mary: Annie Collins and Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

Aunts at Little Boar's Head: One of Jewett's aunts, Helen (Mrs. Charles) Bell had a summer home, "The Cove," at Little Boar's Head in North Hampton, NH. Key to Correspondents.

Stubby: Theodore Jewett Eastman, whose birthday was 4 August. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett

Aug 7, 1891

Not a word because of not a minute — but ever constant love & remembrance from me to you. — I rejoiced in the message your letter brought — & in the letter itself. It is a hard time & a brave heart: & I ask every day a new blessing on those who watch.* ——

[*Page 2*]

2

About a week ago came this little letter from our W E Franklin.* — I replied — somewhat speedily — & sent $125. — 100. — toward that terrible debt & 25. to be used in a little square vacation all her own. And I spoke in our Orphic manner of the 1000. being from a Fund — fresh air*

[*Page 3*]

3

or [otherwise *?*] [*unrecognized words* as it suits *?*] !

Its wonderful to think that all that long illness had not plunged them in deep morasses of Doctors bills & all bills indeed. ——

As to you buying the [Stock *corrected from* stock] darling, that was exactly what I longed to have you do: [*Perhaps six unrecognized words*] immediately con

[*Page 4*]

4

verted one of her [sleeves *?*], just as I am about to convert one of [mine for *?*] Helen.* — — Good.

This [morning *or* evening *?*] I have just returned from Andover where the Tablet [& Font *?*]* will perhaps please you. The slab of onyx is divine.

When my [*unrecognized word*] was mortgaged there appeared upon the

[*Page 5*]

Shore that star of the Evening Sarah Wister!* Whereat I applied [*unrecognized word*]. Sure I found some spots, brief but august in which to be [hers *?*]. She is still at [Magnolia *?*] & A Warren* is coming up to see her: having [just *or* first *?*] [declined *?*] in a note which I send & [make you friends *?*].

[Bless *?*] you

SW

Notes

The envelope associated with this letter is addressed to Jewett in South Berwick. Whitman's handwriting — which appears to be in pencil — becomes increasingly hurried and difficult to transcribe during this letter.

those who watch: At this time, Jewett was caring for her mother in her final illness.

W. E. Franklin: The "W" in the transcription is uncertain.

Whitman may refer to one of her correspondents, Elizabeth Franklin, who was a member of the Bible class Whitman taught at Trinity Church in Boston. In a letter of 14 June 1890, Whitman wrote to Miss Franklin about her father's health.

fresh air: The Working Girls Vacation Fund was an organization that helped New York City single working women to take rural vacations during their summers, beginning in about 1889. A history of its founding in *The Outlook* 51 (25 May 1895) pp. 860-2, traces the beginnings to 1886, when contributions to the *Christian Union* — a previous name of *The Outlook* — funded a few such vacations. Whitman may refer to a similar organization in Boston

Helen: The identity of this person is not yet known.

Andover ... Tablet & Font: While the transcription is uncertain, it seems likely that Whitman refers to Christ Church (Episcopalian) in Andover, MA. After the previous building burned, a new church was built, starting in 1886, funded mainly by John Byers. Whitman designed a pair of stained-glass windows for this church.

According to *The Churchman* 89 (2 April 1904, p. 428), Byers's mother, Mary Smith Byers, presented the church with a unique onyx font in 1888, as a memorial to her husband, James Byers.

There is a dedication tablet in the church stating that John Byers built the church in part to memorialize his parents. See also: *The Churchman* 55 (15 January 1887, p. 79).

Sarah Wister: Sarah Butler Wister (1835-1908), daughter of the actress Frances Anne Kemble, both friends of Henry James. Sarah Wister was the mother of American novelist, Owen Wister (1860-1936). Presumably, Wister was visiting first in Magnolia, Massachusetts.

A Warren: A. Warren is mentioned in a Jewett letter to Mary Rice Jewett of 22 March 1888. This *may* be Alice Amelia Bartlett Warren (1843-1912), who traveled often in Europe and moved in the same social circles as Fields and Jewett, being a friend of Henry James and Ellen Emerson, among other Jewett correspondents. See the introduction to *Little Women Abroad: The Alcott Sisters' Letters from Europe*, 1870-1871 (2008), edited by Daniel Shealy, pp. lxii-lxiii.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904. 92 letters; [1884]-[1903] & [n.d.] Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1, 107.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Lanman Ferris

South Berwick Maine

8 August 1891

Dear M^rs^ Ferris

You will find in my volume of stories for children, called Play Days, some verses — "Discontent"* — which have been used sometimes for a like collection* to your own.

There are some other

[*Page 2*]

slight verses in the earlier volumes of ~~Wide~~ St. Nicholas, one which I remember just now about four-leaved clovers —* Perhaps you mean to use prose selections and these you will find, beside the Play Days stories, a number of others in St. Nicholas & Wide Awake.

But of course you will

[*Page 3*]

have to speak with the publishers about these as my permission alone will not be enough. Messrs. Houghton Mifflin & Co. have always been willing to allow the use of Discontent, but I don't know what they would decide about the sketches. — Believe me, with thanks,

Yours sincerely,

Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

Discontent: Jewett's poem appeared in *St. Nicholas* (February 1876), 247, and was collected in *Play Days* (1878) and in *Verses* (1916).

collection: Richard Cary writes about this letter: "Mrs. Ferris published a number of uncopyrighted brochures of juvenile rhymes and stories, but it is uncertain whether the project discussed in this letter came to fruition." He also identifies the collection to which Jewett refers: *The Youth's Companion at Home and School* (Chicago, 1891), edited by Grace Townsend.

clovers: Jewett's "Perseverance" appeared in *St. Nicholas* (September 1883) and was collected in *Verses* (1916), there entitled "A Four-Leaved Clover."

The manuscript of this letter is held by Colby College Special Collections, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1. Richard Cary included his transcription in *Sarah Orne Jewett Letters.* New transcription and notes.

Death of James Russell Lowell

12 August 1891

Close friend of Sarah Orne Jewett and Annie Adams Fields.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields

Newburyport

8/12 1891

My dear friend

Annie Fields

For the last month I have been too ill to write. I went to Wakefield, but was obliged to return in two weeks. I am staying with my friends here, — very weak, still, but I think somewhat better.

[*Page 2*]

My thoughts have gone daily to Manchester by the sea, and I have longed to hear from thee.

I am [pained *?*] to hear of Lowell's serious illness.* He is ten years my junior and ought to outlive me{.} How our circle is closing up! I hope Holmes* will be the last, and say his kind words for us, in his old cheerful, loving way.

Has Sarah* been with thee much this

[*Page 3*]

summer?

I am thinking over my life, with a feeling of gratitude to my Heavenly Father in view of so many blessings which I have enjoyed* — the dear friends whose love has so cheered me, — the privilege of working for others, — the every-broadening hope for our common humanity. And how shall I speak of all those [have *?*] been to me?

This is only a word, — but it bears with it the love

[*Page 4*]*

{and} gratitude of thy old friend

John G. Whittier

My cousins desire to be remember to [thee *corrected*] {.}

Notes

Lowell's serious illness: James Russell Lowell. Key to Correspondents. Lowell died on 12 August 1891, the date of this letter.

Holmes: Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr. (1809-1894). Key to Correspondents.

Sarah: Sarah Orne Jewett.

enjoyed: A penciled "x" appears in the left margin next to this line.

Page 4: A darkly inked "4" appears in the middle of left margin at 270 degree angle to the text.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection: mss FI 72-4863.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields
Fragment

Wednesday night.

[*12 August 1891*]*

Oh what sad news from Elmwood, dear Fuff! It makes me so heavy-hearted to think of our loss of such a dear friend and of poor Mabel's sorrow —* What must not this long hot, bright day have been to her [! *corrected from* ?] I don't know of any one who could feel such sorrow more keenly. I think and think of her and so must you I am sure, and how we should

[*Page 2*]

talk about dear Mr. Lowell if we were together. Here he is only the 'Lowell' of his books, to people, and not a single one knows how dear and charming he was and how full of helps to one's thoughts and purposes in every day life. I wrote to Mabel most truly that I was as fond of him almost as if I belonged to his household and kindred. And

[*Page 3*]

I suppose that the last bit of writing for print that he may have done was that letter for me.* I have been looking over two or three of his letters or notes to me which I happen to have here with such affection and pleasure. How you will like to look over your great package! And how I treasure that last time I saw him and the fringe tree in bloom and Mabel gone to Petersham* and he and I talking on and

[*Page 4*]

on, and I thinking he was really going to be better in spite of the look about his face — I suppose you will go up to the funeral, you must remember what people say and every little thing that we should care about together to tell me.

— And yet I say to myself, again and again how glad I am that the long illness is ended —

(Poor Mr. Norton,* how saddened he will be! It seems as if he stood nearest Mr. Lowell next)

[*Manuscript breaks off.*]

Notes

12 August 1891: Fields penciled 1891 in the upper right of page 1 and she has also penciled the note: "date of Lowell's death." James Russell Lowell died 12 August 1891. Key to Correspondents.

sad news from Elmwood ... Mabel's sorrow: American poet and critic, James Russell Lowell died on August 12, 1891. His daughter Mabel Lowell Burnett (1847-1898), was his only surviving child. Elmwood was Lowell's home in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Key to Correspondents.

fringe tree in bloom ... Petersham: The Fringetree, *Chionanthus virginicus*, has fragrant white flowers. Petersham is in north central Massachusetts. See Jewett to Mabel Lowell Burnett of 13 or 20 June 1891.

letter for me: See Lowell to Jewett of 26 April 1891.

See also "Reading for Young Women," with letters from Jewett and Lowell, which appeared in *Chicago Weekly News*, December 3, 1891. The piece says "An association of literary young ladies in a western city recently deputed one of their number to write to their favorite authors in both hemispheres, requesting them to favor her with some words of wise counsel and advice by which she and her associates might profit." Jewett suggests here that she obtained the letter from Lowell that was included in the piece and, therefore, that she was more than simply one of the contributors. Perhaps she even was the "one of their number," though she was not resident in a "western city."

Lowell's letter in the piece was titled "A Voice from the Grave" and was dated "ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Jan. 30, 1891." Note that this date was months after his death.

(Poor Mr. Norton: Author and Harvard professor, Charles Eliot Norton. See Elizabeth, Grace and Sara Norton in Key to Correspondents. The parenthesis marks around this passage were penciled by Fields.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Annie Fields transcription

This passage appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911), p. 85.

Wednesday night, *August* 12,1891.

What sad news from Elmwood, dear! It makes me so heavy-hearted to think of our loss of such a dear friend, and of poor Mabel's sorrow. What must not this lovely hot, bright day have been to her! I don't know of any one who could feel such sorrow more keenly. I think and think of her, and so must you, I am sure, and how we should talk about dear Mr. Lowell if we were together. Here he is only the "Lowell" of his books, to people, and not a single one knows how dear and charming he was, and how full of help to one's thoughts and purposes in every-day life. I wrote to Mabel most truly that I was as fond of him, almost, as if I belonged to his household and kindred. And I suppose that the last bit of writing for print that he may have done was that letter for me. I have been looking over two or three of his letters or notes to me, which I happen to have here, with such affection and pleasure. How you will like to look over your great package! And how I treasure that last time I saw him, and the fringe tree in bloom, and Mabel gone to Petersham, and he and I talking on and on, and I thinking he was really going to be better, in spite of the look about his face! I suppose you will go up to the funeral; you must remember what people say, and every little thing that we should care about together, to tell me. And yet I say to myself, again and again, how glad I am that the long illness is ended.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Ellen (Nelly) Day Hale

South Berwick Maine*

14 August 1891

My dear Nelly

It is such a long time since I heard any thing of you or saw you that I am moved to write! I asked your mother for your address while you were in California last winter and meant to write as long ago as that. I dont like not to know what you are doing with yourself

[*Page 2*]

and how you are now. I have been very little in town for many months. My mother's very serious illness* keeps me close at home and the more ill she grows and the more anxious we are, the less I can think of going away even for a night. It is almost a month since I have seen Mrs. Fields,* but I have thought all the time that I might get to her or if my mother

[*Page 3*]

were a little stronger, that she would come to us — and I do hope now that we shall see her next week.*

It has been a most lovely summer here in the village — We had a great Day of the hundredth year of the Academy* which I enjoyed enormously — I cant tell you what touching things happened or what funny things, with the reunions, or how pleasant it was to see so many old friends come back to the

[*Page 4*]

village — Now we are going to have a new library and a new academy, and be very proud in our own conceit and in course of time I shall be begging your father to come and speak the truth to us about our works and ways!

How much I should like to gather the old club* together some time — but we scatter ourselves about dreadfully in summer for so small a club — I know that Mrs. Fields tried it once — the best we can

[*Page 5*]*

do, I suppose, is to try in the winter.

I should read, if it were my evening, a story that has just gone to *The Century* called the Hilton's Holiday* — I wish that you would look out for it one of these days, but not too soon because it has just gone. And please to like it because of all stories it is very dear to my heart. (I am too apt to bespeak favor for my dull children but you will be forgiving!)

I have so

[*Page 6*]

little to tell you that I will just say good night and send my love and then confess that I am writing because I wish to get a little letter from you. Please to give my love to your father and your mother, it seems so long since I saw either of them.

Yours ever affectionately

Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

Maine: This word seems to have been added after the original writing; it may be in another hand.

illness: Jewett's mother died in October 1891.

Fields: Annie Adams Fields.

week: Jewett does not clearly divide this letter into paragraphs by starting new indented lines. But it appears that she intends new paragraphs at points where she leaves an extra long space between sentences.

Academy: The centennial celebration of the founding of Berwick Academy took place on 1 July 1891. As her letters preceding that date indicate, she was deeply involved in planning the event.

Page 5: Penciled, probably in another hand, at the top right of this page is the date: 14 Aug. 1891.

club: Jewett may refer to the Saturday Morning Club. The catalog of the records of the Saturday Morning Club, held by the Schlesinger Library at Harvard, lists a number of Jewett friends associated with the Saturday Morning Club, including its 1871 founder, Julia Ward Howe, as well as Phillips Brooks, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Alice Longfellow, Louise Moulton, Sarah Wyman Whitman, and Annie Fields.

The Hilton's Holiday: Jewett's story eventually appeared in *Century Magazine*, but 2 years after this letter, in September 1893.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Smith College Special Collections, Northampton, MA, Hale family papers, Sophia Smith Collection, SSC-MS-00071; Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1871, undated — Correspondence, incoming, Box: 78, Folder: 28.

Robert Collyer to Annie Adams Fields

South Ashfield Mass

Aug 14th 1891

Dear Friend

I shall be along if all is well on Wednesday morning to Manchester and then go to Fair Haven on Friday afternoon or Saturday morning. Shall stay at the United States Hotel in Boston Tuesday night and if you have any call to write me a note will reach me there, and then — I wend me to Deerfield tomorrow to preach on Sunday to the saints{,} what there is left of them and will stay over Monday with the Champneys{.}*

A mist of tears will have fallen within many hearts over the dust of our great and noble friend* but his work was well done and his moan "let me die" should stay our sorrow for there shall be no more pain{.}

Indeed always

Robert Collyer

Notes

Champneys: It is likely Collyer refers to American artist James Wells Champney (1843-1903) and his wife, author Elizabeth Williams (1850-1922), residents of Deerfield, MA.

noble friend: Collyer refers to the death of American author, James Russell Lowell on 12 August 1891. His last words were: "Oh! why don't you let me die?" Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 10: mss FI 1-5637.

Louise Imogen Guiney to Annie Adams Fields

Auburndale, Aug. 25th 1891.

Dear Mrs. Fields:

I cannot begin to say just how sorry I was! but if there were any gradation in the impossible, I would like to add that such luck as a trip to your door today is just the impossible thing in this world for 'the likes o' me.' There are two deeds on hand (pure pot-boilers!) which must be done this week, one on Friday, one on Saturday,* and meanwhile I am scratching away in the breathless weather, correcting and copying. Besides which, I am reading proofs, soon to issue from the Harper press.* May your friendship, and the open-air world to which I turn traitor, forgive me

[*Page 2*]

this lapse! for I certainly cannot forgive myself. If it were only next month, now! But I send you (no, I haven't the energy to send, — I merely let fall to you,) my thanks and love.

Let me hope you found Mrs. Jewett* convalescing. I have promised Mr. Garrett* to write a little paper on Martha Hilton and I want,

when I can get a week free, to run up once more to my old stamping ground about Portsmouth. The double pleasure of doing that, and of prosing about Mr. Longfellow's poem,* I will owe to Miss Jewett, who put Mr. Garrett, (a colleague of mine once before) up to asking me to help him. May I slip in two verses, ultimately for the waste-basket? One is newish, and one is new. With the kindest wishes that ever were,

Your grateful friend,

Louise Imogen Guiney

Notes

Saturday: 25 August fell on a Tuesday in 1891.

Harper press: Guiney's *"Monsieur Henri" a Foot-note to French History* (1892) was published by Harper & Brothers.

Mrs. Jewett: Presumably Guiney refers to Caroline Jewett, Sarah Orne Jewett's mother, who was suffering her final illness during the summer and autumn of 1891. Key to Correspondents.

Mr. Garrett: Edmund Henry Garrett (1853-1929) was an American illustrator and author. He was an illustrator for Jewett's story, "Peg's Little Chair" (*Wide Awake* 33, August 1891). He collaborated with Guiney, Harriet Elizabeth Prescott Spofford, and Alice Brown on *Three Heroines of New England Romance: their True Stories Herein Set Forth* (1894), "with many little picturings, authentic and fanciful, by Edmund H. Garrett." The WorldCat description continues: "Priscilla, by Harriet P. Spofford.—Agnes Surriage, by Alice Brown.—Martha Hilton, by Louise I. Guiney."

Two of the heroines appear in narrative poems by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: Priscilla in *The Courtship of Miles Standish*; Martha Hilton Wentworth in "Lady Wentworth." Surriage appears in Oliver Wendell Holmes's ballad, "Agnes," in *Songs in Many Keys*. For Longfellow and Holmes, Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection Box 25: mss FI 1592 .

Robert Collyer to Annie Adams Fields

South Ashfield Mass

Aug 26th 1891

Dear Friend

I have ordered both the photographs to be sent to you, and the sweet-heart* can have the one which falls to her at the first time she appears on the hill top — I have got South Berwick and North muddled up in my poor head and which isn't the other I cannot tell else the thing would have gone straight. It is not a new photo as you will see, hard lines have been ploughed since it was taken, but I think it is the one you will both like best{,} I had a nice visit to Fair Haven here and a warm welcome sunward and homeward, but, my tiny visit to Manchester stays apart in a shrine{.}

Indeed yours

Robert Collyer

Drop me a line when the things have come safely{.}

Notes

sweet-heart: Sarah Orne Jewett. Key to Correspondents. Fields's house in Manchester, MA, stands on Thunderbolt Hill. Jewett's residence was in South Berwick, about 7 miles south of North Berwick.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 10: mss FI 1-5637.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Miss Pettes

South Berwick Maine

31 August 1891

Dear Mifs Pettes*

I am going to ask the Photogravure Company to make another plate from the photograph* which I enclose. There was something wrong in the printing of the other{—} it is not true on the card and I dont like it. Will

[*Page 2*]

you kindly send me the bill however ^& the plate^ as it was my carelessness in not looking after the matter better. I remember that there was something wrong about one or two ~~of~~ ^in^

the last 'order' of those photographs and that I meant to throw them away.

Will you please have great care

[*Page 3*]

of this photo, which I need now as it belongs to my sister and I have abstracted it from a frame and dread discovery! Please ask the workmen to be very careful. I believe it is all the one there is —

And when the plate is made will you have have fifty copies made in the size of the ^(paper)^

[*Page 4*]

~~proof~~ you send and fifty others on paper about half the size so that I can put them into my story books sometimes? Then I think that I shall have got the "likeness" question off my mind once and for all!

I cant tell you how much I thank you for the kindness and friendliness of your note.

Yours sincerely

Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

Pettes: The envelope associated with this letter is cancelled on 31 August 1891, addressed to Mifs [*so spelled*] Pettes, Boston Photogravure Company, 132 Boylston St. Boston

The Boston Photogravure Company was a fine-art publishing company, in addition to reproducing individual photographs.

The identity of Miss Pettes is unknown. There was a Helen F. Pettes (c. 1861- after 1940), however, who from November 1899 to July 1905, was an assistant in charge of photographs at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

photograph: Jewett had several portrait photos made in her lifetime. Which one she has sent here has not yet been determined.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Small Library, University of Virginia, Special Collections MSS 6218, Sarah Orne Jewett Papers.

Sarah Orne Jewett to George du Maurier
Fragment

[*About 1 September 1891*]*

[*Begin deletion*] see him after one day in June but I hope to tell you sometime — [*end deletion*]

So gentle — so forgiving when people lingered too long giving the poor remnant of his strength as if he were richer than ever in generosity{.}

Since you were so kind as to ~~know~~ ^[speak *?*] about my stories I am going to send you another little book* (which you must not take the trouble to [acknowledge *corrected*]){.} The first story was one that M[r] Lowell liked. I have

[*Page 2*]

read the fifth number of Peter Ibbetson* ~~with~~ [*unrecognized deleted word*] ~~your letter in my~~ [*unrecognized deleted word*] with the same [*deletion*] pleasure — it is more delightful and beautiful to me. I cannot tell you ~~with~~ ^into^ what enchantment it carried me. I am always wishing that someday I may see your own drawings for the illustrations.

[*Several blank lines*]

His daughter is my very dear friend and [*deletion*] they are much alike in many respects so that I somehow came to know him the more easily. And then ^I am much [with *?*]^ M[rs] Fields* one of his old friends and so I have been in [*begin deletion* Who has known him well for so many years [*end deletion*] the way of [seeing *?*]

[*text ends; no signature*]

Notes

1891: Probably this is part of a draft of a letter that Jewett actually mailed to du Maurier not long after the death of James Russell Lowell on 12 August 1891. Almost certainly, du Maurier's letter to Jewett of 9 September responds to the final draft of this letter. For Lowell and his daughter, Mabel Lowell Burnett, Key to Correspondents.

book: In du Maurier's 9 September reply, he thanks her for *Strangers and Wayfarers* (1890). The first story in that book was "A Winter Courtship."

Peter Ibbetson: Du Maurier's first illustrated novel appeared in 1891, first as a serial in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*.

A mystery appears here. Jewett says she has read the "fifth" number of *Ibbetson*, but there was no such number in the *Harper's* Serial Publication; rather there were three numbers: June, July and August. Probably Jewett had finished the serial before writing this letter. *Fields*: Annie Adams Fields.

The manuscript of this fragment is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 7, Item 279.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Miss Pettes

South Berwick Maine

7 September [*1891*]

Dear Mifs Pettes*

I do like the second plate best! I quite recognize the fact [*unrecognized word*] that I have given a great deal of what must have seemed unnecessary trouble and I hope that it will be properly considered in

[*Page 2*]

my bill from the Boston Photogravure company! I should like to have fifty copies printed on the same ^sized^ paper as these proofs — 6 3/8 by 8 1/2 and fifty on smaller paper 4 1/2 by 7{,} And I send you a small photograph which I should like to have you try to get a plate from — enlarged

[*Page 3*]

~~somewhat~~ if that will be possible & easier.

With thanks and best regards

Yours sincerely

S. O. Jewett

Notes

Pettes: The envelope associated with this letter is cancelled on 7 September addressed to Boston Photogravure Company, Mifs [s*o spelled*] Pettes, 132 Boylston St. Boston
See Jewett to Pettes of 21 September 1891.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Small Library, University of Virginia, Special Collections MSS 6218, Sarah Orne Jewett Papers. There is a page following this letter on the microfilm copy with an ink-blot and "Please excuse!" It is not perfectly clear whether that belongs with this letter or with the next one Jewett wrote to Pettes, 21 September.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Horace Scudder

South Berwick

9 September 1891

Dear M^{r} Scudder

I thank you for your letter and promise as far as the business part is concerned to keep the story in mind.

= We had heard of M^{rs} Scudder's mother's death* by way of our friends

[*Page 2*]

in North Hampton and I was sorry for you both in such a change and loss as must have fallen upon you. My mother's weary illness still goes on. I hoped that the bright autumn weather would do her good, but she has been very ill and uncomfortable of late — I am sorry to say.

It is pleasant to hear of your life at Chocorua!

Yours sincerely S. O. Jewett

[*Page 3, bottom*]

Please remember me very kindly to Mrs. Scudder and Sylvia* —

Notes

death: Grace Scudder's mother was Sylvia Church Sampson Owen (1804 - 19 June 1891). Find a Grave. When Find a Grave was consulted in September 2025, she was listed erroneously as Sylvia Church Sampson Sampson, her stone reading "Sylvia Church Sampson Wife of John Owen."

The manuscript of this letter is held by Colby College Library Special Collections, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1 — Folder A62: to Horace Elisha Scudder., 1869-1901 and undated. Richard Cary's annotated transcription appeared in *Sarah Orne Jewett Letters* (1967). New transcription and notes.

George du Maurier to Sarah Orne Jewett

1 St. Hilda's Terrace

Whitby

Sept. 9. 91

My dear Mifs Jewett

I can scarcely tell you what pleasure your most kind and flattering note has given me —

and only hope that my story* will continue pleasing you to the end. It will be much more complete in [*unrecognized word*] — especially the last part — part IV. Much had to be left out for the magazine.

I am all the more delighted at [hearing *?*] your praise that just before [coming *?*] here I had been reading "Strangers & Wayfarers,"* which gave me the

[*Page 2*]

keenest pleasure.

I believe you were a friend of J. R. Lowell's,* who was a great friend of mine — at all events I know of his great admiration for you. His death will have been a blow to you, and was to me. This place, that he was very fond of & where we were much together, is full of memories of him.

I hope you will come to England & that my family & I may have the pleasure of someday seeing you in Hampstead where we live when at home. Meanwhile, with my [hearty *?*] thanks, I remain

most truly yours

George du Maurier

(New Grove House

Hampstead

London)

Notes

story: At this time, du Maurier was publishing his first novel, *Peter Ibbetson* (1891). He responds to Jewett's letter of about 1 September 1891.

Strangers & Wayfarers: Jewett's 1890 collection of stories.

J. R. Lowell's: James Russell Lowell died in on 12 August 1891. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Miller Library, Special Collections, Colby College, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1.

Annie Adams Fields to John Greenleaf Whittier

Thunderbolt Hell

Manchester

Sep. 12th

[*1891*]*

My dear friend:

What a beautiful day that was, with your friends and yourself in the fine old house which we have to call "Cartland's Garden"!* These warm soft days recall a visit we once made to you in Amesbury, [when *?*] the fruit was dropping from the trees and everything else was still.

[*Page 2*]

You are not likely to remember it but it was engraved on my memory; and I think though we are all changed we are all the same, the same in our essential selves and in the love which binds us. If we can say this [we *?*] have borne the brunt of the waves of time upon these poor bodies <u>how</u> much more we must believe it of those who walk the fields of light.

Sarah's* mother is about the same but I long to snatch her away oftener than I do because she needs the change. Thanks to Sir Walter Scott* she is bridging over some weary hours just now.

I like to think of you in the pleasant Newburyport

[*Page 3*]

street or in the "garden" seeing the first [red *corrected*] leaf and the ripe fruit{.} Nevertheless I would like to bring you here on a bridge of air to have you look at the beauty of the sea in this September sunshine — It is almost too beautiful!

Dr. Holmes was a little tired after his birthday though he enjoyed it too. Please thank Mrs Cartland for her kindness and hospitality.

Affectionately yours <u>Annie Fields</u>

Notes

1891: It seems likely that Fields composed this letter during the early autumn in the year of the death of Sarah Orne Jewett's mother. See note below.

"Cartland's Garden": See Whittier in Sarah Orne Jewett's Principal Correspondents above.

Sarah's: Sarah Orne Jewett. Key to Correspondents. Her mother, Caroline Frances Perry, died on 21 October 1891.

Scott: Scottish author, Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832). Wikipedia.

Holmes: Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr. Key to Correspondents. His 82nd birthday was 29 August 1891.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Box: 12 Identifier: MS Am 1844, Box 12: 796-7**.** Fields, Annie (Adams) 1834-1915. 15 letters to unidentified persons.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields

Oak Knoll

Sept. 12 1891*

My dear and truest friend.

Thy visit at Newburyport made me very happy, and I have been better ever since because of it. I came here two weeks ago, in season to enjoy our [aftermath *?*] hay* making *?*] and apple-gathering. I wonder how thee continued to get to

[*Page 2*]

South Berwick after being left at that desolate station. We thought of thee wandering off in the hot sun, afoot and alone. I have just had a charming letter from our dear Sarah* which tells me that thee reached her safely. It is the season of visitors and interviews* and I had many of them, but the best of all was Dr Holmes*

[*Page 3*]

who came yesterday. We had a pleasant hour together a little saddened perhaps by the memories of our friends who have left us so much alone. I am reading as well as my eyes will permit Howells's "An Imperative Duty"* in Harper's Magazine, which touches the race question. I am anxious to see how he solves the terrible problem which socially as well as politically confronts us.

[*Page 4*]

Are thee not [*unrecognized word* refreshed *?*] that after so much rain and darkness we are now having the best of September weather? Oak Knoll is as green as June, and there is no leaf-shed. Only one or two of our elms are yellowing slightly and some of the maples show a dark [*deleted word* red *?*] red in the low [limbs *?*]. We have had one frost but not a "killing" one.

— Good-bye, my dear friend. I am ever affectionately thine

John G Whittier

Notes

1891: A penciled "1" appears at the top center of page 1.

[aftermath ?] *hay*: While this transcription is uncertain, the term "aftermath hay" is used to name late crop hay, newly grown after an earlier crop of grass or grain has been harvested.

Sarah: Sarah Orne Jewett.

interviews: A penciled "x" appears in the left margin next to this line.

Dr Holmes: Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr. Key to Correspondents.

Howells's "An Imperative Duty": William Dean Howells's novel, *An Imperative Duty* (1891) turns on a young woman's discovering that she is 1/16 African American, and has been "passing as white," in a culture where any African ancestry makes one "black." For Howells, Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection: mss FI 72-4861.

John Lord to Sarah Orne Jewett

Stanford Sep 12

[*1891*]*

Dear Mifs Sarah

I have read the book of Dr. Peabody* which you gave me, and was a little disappointed. His exceeding benevolence, & kindness of heart, & warm friendship for the characters [*underlined deletion*] he presents to his readers prevent that keen criticism which we expect from a biographer of his ability. While he is not ~~feel~~ extravagant in his praise, yet there is not any^thing^ but praise, which becomes tedious & monotonous. There is no snap, no humour, nor [even *corrected*] graphic description. The characters are all most respectable men with no faults,

[*Page 2*]

chiefly [unitarian *not capitalized*] ministers with orthodox [*deletion*] proclivity. I knew most of them, but no one of them had the fire & power of Channing. But they were all good — very good men, & some of them had considerable abilities. But the lights & shades of their characters are not artistically brought out, as if he wanted to avoid offending any of their descendants. The distinguishing characteristic of Dr. Peabody is to avoid giving offense to anybody. His loving nature sees no faults; and if he see them, as is probable, he dare not mention them, nor even hint that any exist.

[*Page 3*]

All this is very wise so far as making friends goes. [No *?*] noted man has so [many *?*] friends as he, of all parties & sects. I never knew a man so universally beloved. He cant say any ^thing^ against any body: he can only point out ~~their~~ good traits, and ^of^ those whom he does not like he says nothing, — avoids the mention of them altogether.

He must have known [Ralph *corrected*] W. Emerson & Theodore Parker* & others of their set, yet he makes no allusion to them, and he does [*deletion*] ^not^ mention the names of those with whom he was associated, of the ultra [Calvanistic *so spelled*] sort, like Dr. Putnam,* altho he alludes to him.

Hence with all his acknowledged

[*Page 4*]

abilities, he will leave behind him but little that people care to read. His intellect is acute — he could be critical, but his tongue is tied. He is too politic; he wont tell what we really want to know. He will only tell what will please his friends, or disarm his foes — if he [*deletion*] has any — the model of a minister — too good to be great. I should like to ^be^ present at a personal interview between him & the devil.

I am blue as indigo since I got back — altogether demoralized, wishing I were still at South Berwick — the place of all others that I used to hate.

With my best regards to your mother & sisters,

I am, most truly,

Your friend

J Lord

Notes

1891: Almost certainly, this letter was composed in 1891, after the publication of Peabody's book noted below and before the death of Jewett's mother in October 1891. Lord had recently visited the Jewett family in South Berwick, during the celebration of the centennial of the Berwick Academy in July.

Peabody: Probably this was American Unitarian clergyman and author, Arthur Preston Peabody (1811-1893). The book Lord discusses probably is *Harvard Graduates whom I have Known* (1890).

Channing: American Unitarian minister, William Ellery Channing (1780-1842).

Emerson & Theodore Parker: American Transcendentalist authors, Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) and Theodore Parker (1810-1860).

Putnam: The identity of this person has not yet been discovered. In Peabody's book, he mentions Judge Samuel Putnam (1768-1853). Find a Grave.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 3, Item 137 I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Sarah Orne Jewett

Oak Knoll

Sept 16, 1891

My dear Friend

A great many thanks for thy welcome letter! It seems a very {long} time since I have seen thee. Dear Annie Fields called on us at Newburyport on her way to South

[*Page 2*]

Berwick. As she was to stop at the forlorn Junction,* I feared she would find no conveyance and be obliged to walk in the hot sun. I was glad to see {her} looking so well and bright. I knew thee would feel the death of Lowell.* He was an admirer

[*Page 3*]

and good friend of thine. His death is a great loss to us all. It leaves Dr. Holmes* & myself quite alone. The Dr. came to see me last week, and we had a pleasant hour together. He feels

the death of Lowell but is still his old self, bright and cheerful. He has written

[*Page 4*]

a poem on Lowell which will appear in the Atlantic.*

The story thee spoke of sending me I suppose went to Newburyport. I have been here two weeks and I have missed it, much to my regret, for reading what thee write is next best to seeing thee. With a great deal of love, ever thy old friend

John G Whittler

Notes

forlorn Junction: In traveling between Newburyport and South Berwick, it appears that train passengers often found themselves enduring long waits for connecting trolleys in a "Car Barn" along the route. See Sarah Orne Jewett to William Dean Howells, May - June 1905. This may be the junction to which Whittier refers.

death of Lowell: James Russell Lowell died 12 August 1891. Whittier died 7 September 1892. Key to Correspondents.

Dr. Holmes: Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr. died 7 October 1894. Key to Correspondents.

poem on Lowell ... Atlantic: Holmes's tribute poem, "James Russell Lowell. 1819-1891," appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* 68 (October 1891), pp. 552-3.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the South Berwick Public Library, South Berwick, ME. Transcription by John Richardson.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Wednesday 16 September

[*1891*]*

Dearest Fuff

(Here is a little creatur' for your poor aching face — you put the brown side next your [tooth *?*] — but I think you know the remedy of old — I do hope that you are better today — Perhaps half of this at a time will do, for it looks pretty big —)

(What a lovely letter from they friend!* and a nice letter from Mrs. Gardner* and a kind of a droll one from Mrs.

[*Page 2*]

Vedder and a charming letter from Lady Lyttelton — I do so hope that you will see her when you go to London again. I feel as if you would be such good friends. Have you written yet to Mrs. Dugdale?* you know that you meant to and Pinny* she teased ! ——-

Uncle Will* spent yesterday here and left comfort behind him as usual — but he was much shocked because Mother had failed so fast since he saw her last. I think that she was

[*Page 3*]

looking very badly because what she has had to take lately for the swelling in her hand and feet has weakened her dreadfully, but he gave her a new medicine to strengthen her and she is already much better for the two or three doses that she has taken — I pitied poor Uncle Will so yesterday! I think that he didn't feel very well himself and he knows so well about this hopeless kind of illness, and he and Mother are so fond of each other that it is peculiarly

[*Page 4*]

hard when she looks to him for the help that he cant give. But Mary* is going to write him how much better she feels for the medicine.)

A long visit from Dr Lord* last night in his most entertaining state of mind — and interesting talk about an old group in Manchester* to which he belonged years ago — Mr Ireland{,} Mr. Pollok — a certain Mr. Peacock — the Cowden-Clarkes and others — and Mr. Bennoch and Mr Bennett straying into the

[*Page 5*]

conversation from unexpected corners. It was very funny to hear about them from him somehow! and then we were gently led to Edinburgh & heard much that was diverting — but I think he forgets for the most part what people said & did to him so long ago — their figures come out clear in his memory evidently as from magic lantern slides and then pass along into shadow. Once in a while when he feels very

[*Page 6*]

well and bright he tells me delightful things — and then if I wish to hear them over again — I dont!

I forgot to tell you that the other morning I went [stravaging *so it appears*] in that pretty

place by the river which is called the vineyard* and found it so dry that I got to one or two places across the bogs where I haven't been since I was a child — and I found the most [superior *?*] hop-hornbeam tree* that you ever saw!

[*Page 7*]

a noble great fellow — oddly enough I never saw one here until two or three weeks ago when in driving I caught sight of a little one, and here is this for a second. I mean to try to show it to you sometime — but it is a rough little piece of country — full of brooks and little deep swampy places — though I can manage by being roundabout in my course to get you to the tree, I feel pretty sure — with your two rubbers on your feets — (Did

[*Page 8*]

S.W.* like her flowers? — but what a lovely visit you had from little Smithy* — she must have been enchanted herself.

Goodby dear darling

from Pinny)

Notes

1891: Fields penciled 1891 in the upper right of page 1 after Jewett's date. This dating is supported by Jewett's report of her mother's decline. Mrs. Jewett died in October of 1891. Furthermore, Dr. John Lord is known to have visited the Jewetts in South Berwick during the summer of 1891, notably for the July celebration of the Berwick Academy Centennial.

Parenthesis marks in this letter have been penciled in by Fields.

thy friend: John Greenleaf Whittier. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Gardner ... Mrs. Vedder ... Lady Lyttelton: For Isabella Stewart Gardner, Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Vedder's identity is uncertain. There is evidence that Jewett and Fields were acquainted with the painter Elihu Vedder (1836-1923) and his wife, Caroline Rosekrans Vedder (1846-1909).

Sybella Harriet Clive, Lady Lyttelton (1836-1900) was the second wife of George Lyttelton, 4th Baron Lyttelton (1817-1876), a British politician in the House of Lords. Mrs. Lyttelton became a friend and correspondent of a friend of Jewett and Fields, the American poet James Russell Lowell (1819- 12 August 1891). See *Portrait of a Friendship: Drawn from New Letters of James Russell Lowell to Sybella Lady Lyttelton, 1881-1891* (1990) by Michael Russell.

Mrs Dugdale: Alice Frances Trevelyan (1843-1902) was the wife of William Stratford Dugdale (1828-1882), who died heroically attempting to rescue miners after a British mine explosion. He was a beloved pupil of Benjamin Jowett at Oxford, who maintained a friendship with Mrs. Dugdale after her husband's death. See *The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett* (1897).

Pinny: Sarah Orne Jewett.

Uncle Will: Dr. William G. Perry (1823-1910), husband of Lucretia Fisk Perry. Key to Correspondents.

Mary: Mary Rice Jewett.

Dr Lord: Professor John Lord. Key to Correspondents.

Manchester: Fields has inserted in pencil after this word: England.

Mr Ireland ... Mr. Pollok...Mr. Peacock — the Cowden-Clarkes and others — and Mr. Bennoch and Mr Bennett:

The Cowden-Clarkes are Mary Victoria (Novello) Cowden Clarke (1809-1898), British author, Shakespeare scholar, and her husband Charles, who were friends of Annie Fields.

The identities of the rest of these persons is uncertain.

It is likely that Mr. Bennoch is Francis Bennoch, a London silk merchant who was a friend of the Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864) family when the American author was ambassador to Great Britain.

It seems likely that Mr. Ireland is Scottish journalist, Alexander Ireland (1810-1894).

It also seems likely that Mr. Pollok is David Pollok (1795-1864), author of a biography of his brother, the Scottish poet, Robert Pollok (1796-1827)

Mr. Peacock *could* be Thomas Love Peacock (1785-1866), English author and friend of the poet Percy Bysshe Shelley.

English music critic and librettist, Joseph Bennett (1831-1911), was a collaborator with Mary Cowden Clarke, and *could* be the Mr. Bennett Dr. Lord speaks of, though he would have been in his teens at the time Lord resided in England.

vineyard: Jewett describes the "vineyard" in her essay, "The Old Town of Berwick" *New England*

Magazine 16 (July 1894): 585-609). She writes: "In August the water brink is gay with cardinal flowers. Everything seems to grow in the Vineyard, and to bloom brighter than elsewhere. As an old friend once told me, 'If you want six herbs, you can go right there and find them.' The shyest and rarest birds of the region may be seen there, in secret haunts, or at the time of their migration; it seems like Nature's own garden and pleasure ground. The old turf is like velvet, even on the high banks; and here grow great barberry-bushes, as they grow almost nowhere else."

hop-hornbeam tree: A deciduous tree in the birch family relatively common in the northern hemisphere.

S.W.: Sarah Wyman Whitman. Key to Correspondents.

Smithy: This person is mentioned in several letters between Jewett and Fields, and so far there are few clues to her identity. One wonders whether she might be American classical scholar, Emily James Smith Putnam (1865-1944). Though there is no evidence that she and Annie Fields were acquainted, they shared interest in classical Greek studies. In 1891, Smith was not yet married, and she was teaching Greek in Brooklyn. In 1899, she married a Jewett correspondent, the publisher George Haven Putnam. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields

Shoals 18th Sept (91

"Sequel of the slugs?!" Bless your dear heart, I would there were a sequel! The sequel so far is that I am still slaying them by countless myriads — Ruth & Margaret* & I set traps for them in the garden, a simple matter, we have but to lay down an old board anywhere & wet it thoroughly so it will be damp beneath & Mr. Slug & his whole family immediately take refuge beneath it from the hot rays of September sun — we dont see them go, but in twenty four hours they are there — Then we turn over the board & lo, the loathly mosaic! Packed as close as grains of sand & all the grays & browns & blacks of the earth repeated in their color to make them as invisible as possible — But we have our little cup of salt all ready & we lightly sprinkle them all & they leap twist & are dead & dissolve & are

finished — But to their funeral come ten thousand million billion more, & still we slay & still they come, & so it goes on forever & the day after — The toads have grown & multiplied all over the place, we find their delightful

[*Page 2*]

little progeny scattered [everywhere *corrected*], little fellows no bigger than my thumb nail, but dear me, to one toad there is a ton of slugs! What can be expected of the liveliest toad under these circumstances! —

You dear, to want me! If I were free I'd fly to you — wouldn't I love to! Nothing I shd. like so much.

I'm so glad Mr. Winch* was pleased with our appreciation of him! Would you print the sonnet? I didn't think any thing about it.

Dear Annie, hasn't somebody written poems about the Waverley Oaks?* And who is it, do you remember? Or was it prose of which

[*Page 3*]

I am thinking. Do help me if you can! I want to know for a reason.

I did expect to be in Ports. before this, but cannot go till the house keeper for the winter arrives, as my girl is keeping this house now. But I long to be over there with the children.

How glad I am to hear of Helen Bell* — So glad they are enjoying it all — do give my love to them, when you write. I did write to her in the spring as she asked me — I will send you Mr. Gilder's* letter — please send it back to me — it is such a dear letter!

Where is Pinny* & how is her mother? I feel very far away & now no steamers run & our mail comes by chance & goes the same way!

Are you suffering for water on your hilltop?* Do you know our steamer has been obliged to bring us water three times a day from Ports., & the great steamer from Boston to Star { *Island* } all summer! And now, since the boats have stopped, it is a case of water, water everywhere & not a drop to drink.* & we are obliged to melt the ice in { *the* }

[*Page 4*]

ice house to obtain a supply for drinking & cooking. The showers have obstinately waltzed round & round our little island & spilled themselves in the sea all summer. As for the ground it is as a baked brick, but still my little garden is gay with hollyhocks, helianthus, sweet peas, [single *corrected*] dahlias, pansies, morning glories, & no end of nasturtiums & chrysanthemums. And what weather, with this harvest moon!

Poor old Karl is better. I'd much rather have his body sick than his poor mind, since something adverse must come to him always at this season. He cannot sleep without bromide but he is not in such a terrible nervous state as usually he is in the autumn.

Dear Annie do give my love to the Winches when you see them & tell him we none of us shall forget for an instant that he promised to come & stay at the Shoals a whole month next year, if all is well! Pardon this scrawl & believe me your lovingest

C.T.

Notes

Ruth & Margaret: Ruth and Margaret Laighton were Thaxter's nieces. Karl, mentioned later, was her disabled son.

Mr. Winch: William J. Winch (1847-), tenor, John F. Winch, bass, and Mrs. John Winch, alto, made up a musical family performing in Boston from the 1870s.

See "Sweet Boston Singers" Boston *Globe* (13 October 1895) p. 28.

Thaxter's "Sonnet. [W. J. Winch]" eventually was printed in *The Century* 44 (1892) p. 535.

Waverley Oaks: Probably, these are the Waverly Oaks of the Boston suburb of Belmont, as described by Charles S. Sargent. Sargent notes that Beaver Brook, next to the grove, is memorialized in a poem of James Russell Lowell, "Beaver Brook." For Lowell, see Key to Correspondents. Possibly, though, Thaxter is thinking of Charles Eliot's essay, "Waverly Oaks," which appeared in *Garden & Forest Magazine* in March 1890. See A. C. Bolino, *Men of Massachusetts*, p. 177.

Helen Bell: Helen Choate Bell. Key to Correspondents

Mr. Gilder: Richard Watson Gilder. Key to Correspondents

Pinny: Sarah Orne Jewett. Her mother died on 21 October 1891.

hilltop: Thaxter refers to Fields's summer residence in Manchester by the Sea.

drop to drink: Thaxter alludes to British poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge's (1772-1834) "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" (1798).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 6 (250-269).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Miss Pettes

South Berwick Maine

21 September [1891]

Dear Mifs Pettes*

I like the proofs very much: will you please have fifty copies struck off? I have somewhere in my Kodak — another photograph with the leaves on the trees which I shall send you by and by for I think that it will be

[*Page 2*]

prettier than this winterish one.*

With many thanks, and best regards to Mr. Millet*

Yours sincerely

S. O. Jewett

Notes

Pettes: The envelope associated with this letter is cancelled on 21 September addressed to Boston Photogravure Co., — [Mifs — *so spelled*] Pettes, 132 Boylston St. Boston. The Boston Photogravure Company was a fine-art publishing company, which also reproduced individual photographs and plates. It is not known which photographs Jewett was having reproduced, though it seems clear they were her own photos and included outdoor scenery. See letter to Pettes of 31 August.

Kodak: According to Kodak corporate history, in 1888 the company placed on the market the first snap-shot camera. It took until 1889 to offer transparent film and until 1890 to offer daylight loading film.

Mr. Millet: Josiah Byram Millet. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Small Library, University of Virginia, Special Collections MSS 6218, Sarah Orne Jewett Papers.

Sarah Orne Jewett to George du Maurier (two drafts of an unsent letter)*

South Berwick Maine U.S.A.

22 September 1891

My dear Mr du Maurier

I thank you most deeply and warmly for your kindest of letters. You cannot think what a pleasure it is to have a letter from you. I venture since you are in the middle of your autumn holidays to send you a book of my stories;* some of these mean more to me than most of those in the book you have

[*Page 2*]*

seen. One of them, Miss Tempy's Watchers{,} Mr. Lowell* liked best.

I always think of you as one of the English friends most dear to him — I knew that his death would be a great sorrow to you{.} I was very fond of him as if I were one of his own household and indeed I have often [been *?*] with him in these later years. His daughter who in some respects is wonderfully like him — is my friend, and so I have been fortunate in [seeing *?*] him often ever since he has been

[*Page 3*]

so ill — I look back always with such amusement and pleasure to a day long ago when I happened to say something not by way of comparison in the least, of Mr. Caldecotts* pictures. Mr. Lowell turned upon me with quickest protest "du Maurier — du Maurier!" he said as if I were never in any connection to speak of anyone else as draughtsman and storyteller-by-art — and then he went on to tell about your gift with such intense feeling and delight. I could not feel convicted. I too loved "The way you dress your contemporaries and taught good manners" and was

[*Page 4*]

constant to my Punch.

[*Text ends. No signature.*]

Draft 2

South Berwick Maine U.S.A.

23 September 1891

My dear Mr du Maurier

I cannot deny myself the pleasure of thanking you for your letter. Indeed I am hoping to see you and your household someday, but I fear that it will not be this autumn that I shall see the leaves chasing each other on Hampstead Heath. I thank you

[*Page 2*]

for wishing to have me come — but how good it is to have you say a word of our dear friend Mr Lowell. I miss him and miss him — I so often heard him speak of you with such affectionateness — The very last time I saw him he was so wistful about not going to England again this summer; he could hardly tell about it — and last summer too he told me one day that he had never broken down in such a boyish

[*Page 3*]

way as just before — when suddenly the thought of Whitby came into his mind and he really found himself crying — What a dear friend he was! — only those who had seen him in every day life can tell. It is only in the last half dozen years that I ^have^ come to know him { — } his daughter, who is so like him in many ways, is my dear friend [too *?*] and I have enchanting things to remember that make his books shine with golden light as I open them. ~~How he would like~~ Peter Ibbetson!* ~~I am afraid that~~ he

[*Page 4*]

was past reading when the beginning came — I have just remembered that once years ago when I said something one day at Southborough about Mr. Caldecott — not in the least by way of comparison — he turned toward me with fierce and funny look — "Oh but du Maurier! du Maurier!!" he said, and read me a little lecture of enthusiasm — ~~which~~ I couldn't break it by a word, it was so full of eagerness and friendliness and I, an innocent culprit ~~being only~~ ^was^ too glad to have set it going!

How patient he was, how touching it was to see him in his illness I never can tell anyone —~~I didn't~~

[*text ends. No signature*]

Notes

letter: This letter appears here in two drafts, neither of which is finished. Presumably, Jewett decided against mailing either of these.

stories: Probably, Jewett refers to *Tales of New England* (1890), her recent story collection. This volume is a selection of Jewett's stories chosen from previous book collections. Among the stories in this volume is "Miss Tempy's Watchers," which appeared first in 1888 and was collected that year in *The King of Folly Island*.

Lowell: James Russell Lowell. Key to Correspondents. He died on 12 August 1891.

Page 2: In the lower left margin are marks that appear to be very small, unreadable notes. Similar marks appear at the bottom center of the first page of the second draft.

Caldecott: British artist and illustrator, Randolph Caldecott (1846-1886).

Peter Ibbetson: In 1891, du Maurier, suffering from deteriorating eyesight, moved to Hampstead and began to focus more on writing than illustrating. His first novel was *Peter Ibbetson* (1891).

The manuscripts of these drafts are held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Box: 5 Identifier: MS Am 1743, (252), Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence II. Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett. du Maurier, George, 1834-1896, recipient 2 letters; 1891.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Sarah Orne Jewett

Oak. Knoll

Sept 23 1891

My dear friend

Miss Freeman* who has just called here tells me that thy dear mother* is very ill. I am so sorry to hear of it. I know how thee and thy sister* must feel & and the sad

[*Page 2*]

hopeless waiting for the inevitable. I know what it is.

One night Mr Phillips* told me he lunched at Manchester and that Mrs Fields* {was} a guest and looking well. I have had a lovely letter from the dear woman, whom we both know how to prize.

[*Page 3*]

I write just to express my deep sympathy, and love.

Ever affectionately thy friend

John G. Whittier

Notes

Miss Freeman: This person has not been identified. There is some possibility that Whittier refers to his close friend Alice Freeman Palmer (1855-1902), but she had married in 1887, and she was no longer Miss Freeman at the time of this letter.

dear mother: Caroline Frances Perry died 21 October 1891.

thy sister: Probably Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

*Mr Phillip*s: This person has not been identified.

Mrs. Fields. Annie Adams Fields.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the South Berwick Public Library, South Berwick, ME. Transcription by John Richardson.

Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields

Shoals - 26th Sept (91

My dearest Annie:

I am so tired lying awake so many long, long hours that I am fain to kindle my lamp & scribble to you with a pencil, for the sake of your sweet company — I lie here & look out in the slowly lighting, glassy sea, reflecting all the stars above it — it is [three *corrected*] o'clock in the morning & I've been awake since 1. The big bay window at my right is full of my precious plants for Portsmouth winter cheer, carefully tended all summer & in splendid condition, their blossoms cheer me — I hear poor Karl in the next room tossing, tossing all night long — poor fellow he never sleeps, has to take Bromide forever & ever — I don't see how he keeps any balance at all — I got your dear letter today — I had already struck out the archangel — I never kept it after the day I made it — unfortunately it is in Mr. Winch's copy — I changed the line at once to

Never the angels sang at heavens gate
In more divine, pure, perfect, noble tones*

I don't know why I ever said archangel. — except from a vague idea [perhaps *corrected*] that that was the best kind of angel! I certainly will print the verse if you think worth the while — How about title? Is simply "To W. J.

[*Page 2*]

Winch{"} too bare? What do you think? I gave the MS of the Hunt article* to several of his friends this summer & they were anxious it should be printed, especially his pet, Hattie Lang, now Mrs. Ware,* such a lovely woman! I wish I knew what was best to do about it — I need it so much, if it were the right thing to give it to the Atlantic or for private circulation = Dear me, there is such a funny chorus of young roosters beginning to crow outside, just under my window, a colony of young ones, answered by the distant fathers of the flock in the henhouse afar. This wakefulness is the last remnant of my long illness & I hope, bye & bye to be rid of even this. I am so thankful to be well again! But I have to keep religiously to my glutin bread & beef, or I go straight down again — I'm so sorry for the long anxiety for Pinny* & her family — Dear Flower, how I wish we could ever see each other! If I am well enough & have any money, I do hope to get to town for a day [once *?*] in a while this winter & see you, & my babies — for one of the ill conditions at Ports. is, I hope, done away with, & it may be I shall dare to leave home for 24. hours at a time. I shd. like to tell you some time of the various complications & perplexities of my household [time *?*] — but I hardly know how{.}

[*Page 3*]

I want to send you by this mail some perfectly exquisite flowers of Achimenes, the divinest blue flower, which I have been enjoying too long by myself — I dont think you know it — & it ^is^ most exquisitely beautiful — May it get to you fresh! I fear it may not bear transportation — O Annie, did you ever know such heavenly weather? Such golden days! Such heat! Dear me — & such drought — we are living on [melted *corrected*] ice from the ice house Oscar made last winter — No water in this rock.* I am longing to get over to Ports — I don't know what Fate is keeping me here for — but I suppose it is all for the best. Every bit of my packing is done, my garden all in order for the [spring *corrected*] & I am certainly ready. Oscar means to go to town to see to the putting in of the Pinafore's* new boiler tomorrow, then when she comes out she will take us in — But it will be a whole week yet.

[*Page 4*]

My dear Roland went to Cambridge yesterday to begin his work — I'm sorry it is so hot — he will miss the beautiful air of Kittery, & he has so little strength — but thank heaven, he can have relations now & be at Kittery four months in the year while he lives. His little family are to stay in Ports. near me till their home is ready 1st Dec — but I think I've told you this before.

When you get the Achimenes you will think the flowers are flattened by pressure, but it is not so, the large scalloped disks at the end of the long throat are as absolutely flat as if they had been ironed — it is so quaint & peculiar in shape!

A thousand loves to you on your hilltop! Kind regards to Miss Longfellow* if she remembers me —

Ever & ever your loving

C.

Notes

tones: Thaxter's "Sonnet. [W. J. Winch]" appeared in *The Century* 44 (1892) p. 535. See Thaxter to Fields of 18 September 1891.

Hunt article: See Thaxter to Fields of 25 December 1890.

Hattie Lang, now Mrs. Ware: Despite many clues, Hattie Lang has not been identified. The transcription is uncertain; she may be Hattie Long.

Mr. Ware's identity is uncertain, but it is likely she is the wife of one of two people.

Darwin Franklin Ware (1831-1890) of Shelburne, MA, seems the less likely. Little is known of him. He is a candidate because Thaxter reports in a letter to Annie Adams Fields in *Letters of Celia Thaxter*, dated 21 April 1891, that Mr. Ware has recently died and that she misses him. Assuming the letter is correctly dated, this makes Lucretia H Richmond Ware (1838-1895) a possible candidate.

Darwin Erastus Ware (1831- 2 April 1897) would seem to be a stronger candidate, though his death date would call into question the dating of the letter to Fields from *Letters of Celia Thaxter*. He is a strong candidate because he lived in Boston and was well-known to Fields as a local lawyer and politician who served on the board of the Associated Charities of Boston. His

wife was Adelaide Frances Dickey (probable life dates: 1844-1920). In *Beyond the Garden Gate* (2003), Norma Mandel quotes Thaxter recounting how a Mr. Ware provided a Greek inscription for one of her olive pitcher paintings (p. 133).

Pinny: Sarah Orne Jewett. Her mother died on 21 October 1891.

water in this rock: The Bible offers two accounts of Moses striking a rock with his rod in order to provide water for the thirsty Israelites on their journey out of Egypt: Exodus 17 and Numbers 20.

Pinafore's: The Pinafore was a small steamer that carried supplies and people between Portsmouth and Appledore in the Isles of the Shoals during the summer season.

Miss Longfellow: Alice Longfellow. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 6 (250-269).

Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier

Saturday morning

South Berwick

[*26 September 1891*]*

My dear friend

It was so good of you to write and I care very much for your kind thought. My mother is losing strength slowly and has been much more ill this last month — You know how hard it is to watch the slow

[*Page 2*]

course of such an illness — I am glad of one thing, that she does not suffer so much from the attacks of breathlessness that were so distressing at first. Much of the time I think she is fairly comfortable except for extreme weakness.

I have been very well except lately when I got an attack of rheumatism in one foot and then sprained the other just enough to make

[*Page 3*]

the first feel better! so now I am "lame all round" as they say of an old horse! If you wish to know how I amuse myself I can quietly tell you that I am going right along the shelf of Scott's novels* — It was the Legend of Montrose last and now it is The Pirate in which I take huge delight. Whatever anybody may say Scott writes like a nobleman and we moderners like petty townsfolk and villagers — I

[*Page 4*]

came fresh and unprejudiced to most of the novels for it is many years since I read any of them but Ivanhoe and The Heart of Midlothian — I cant help thinking that Mr. Howells* did not say exactly what he meant about the change of styles &c but I cant forgive him for even giving the impression of belittling the fame of Sir Walter.

I like to think of you at Danvers getting in your apples

[*Page 5*]

and cranberries — I hope that I shall not miss A.F.'s* and my autumn visit to you which we always enjoy so much, but it is very difficult to even think of leaving home in these days much as I wish to see our dear A.F. However, I hope to go to her for a few days before she leaves Manchester.

Give my love to the ladies and Phebe.* And I send much to you with thanks from my heart for your letter. It was

[*Page 6*]

so good of you to write, and you help me to carry my burden by your dear kind words. I am so glad that I can be with my mother and do what I can for her, little as it is. —

Yours always lovingly

Sarah.

Have n't you liked this warm and bright September? I have thought you would.

Notes

1891: This letter may respond to Whittier's of 23 September 1891. See also Jewett to Mabel Lowell Burnett of 27 September 1891.

Scott's novels: Scottish author, Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832). Wikipedia.

Jewett mentions his novels: *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* (1818), *A Legend of Montrose* (1819), *Ivanhoe* (1819-20) and *The Pirate* (1822).

Howells: William Dean Howells. Key to Correspondents. One place where Howells expressed strongly negative views of Scott's fiction is in Chapter 4 of *Literature and Life* (1902).

A.F.'s: Annie Adams Fields.

Phebe: See Whittier in Sarah Orne Jewett's Principal Correspondents above.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, Pickard-Whittier papers I. Letters to John Greenleaf Whittier Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 17 letters; [1882]-1883., [1882]-1883. Box: 3 Identifier: MS Am 1844, (169).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mabel Lowell Burnett

South Berwick Maine

Sunday 27th September [*1891*]*

Dearest Mabel

I think that you may be coming back soon and I send this note because I like to have a word for you at Elmwood to say Dear Mabel! and carry you a little love. I shall get to see you just as soon as I can

[*Page 2*]

and send you many thoughts at any rate, but my mother has been more ill than ever and unless I get tired out I must be here. I sprained a foot too, most untimely! and happened to have rheumatism in the other so that for a few days I shall have to keep still at any rate.

[*Page 3*]

— Perhaps you have put off coming back and this letter will reach you elsewhere than at Elmwood and if it does it must still say how glad I shall be when you come home. One of the thoughts I should wish to tell you first is that I took such delight in Peter Ibbetson* that I made bold to write to Mr. du Maurier a very small

[*Page 4*]

note as of a stranger and foreigner to say what a delight I had in the story — and he has written back such a charming little letter to me as if I might have been a foreigner but no stranger — and speaking of your father and of Whitby — but you shall read it for yourself. You cant think how [*deletion*] pleased I was when it came on a darkish day; it was so friendly and he seemed to have liked it because I wrote

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

about the story, and I cannot withhold that he had taken some pleasure in Strangers & Wayfarers!* Wait until you see my little letter!

[*Up the left margin of page 4*]

Dont try to send an answer to this. You will find so much to do at first on getting back. Perhaps you could just say Here in a postcard to S.O.J.?

Mrs Fields* is still at the shore at this time writing.

Notes

1891: See George du Maurier to Sarah Orne Jewett of 9 September 1891.

Ibbetson: Franco-British author George du Maurier (1834-1896) published *Peter Ibbetson* in 1891. Key to Correspondents.

Strangers & Wayfarers: Jewett's collection of stories, *Strangers and Wayfarers* (1890).

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: James Russell Lowell Additional Papers, Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. A.L.s.(S.O.J.) to Mabel [(Lowell) Burnett]; South Berwick, 2 May 1891., 1891. Box: 2 MS Am 1484.1, (221).

Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields

Shoals. Oct 4th (91

My dearest Annie:

I'm sorry the dear things faded. They were so exquisite, but it was not to be wondered at — I tho't I'd run the risk, though, for 'twas my last chance.

I think we never shall get ashore! The little Pinafore* got her new boiler all in & came out yesterday, & a mile from the island, a bit of iron not so long as my arm from wrist to elbow, broke, there was a flaw in it, — one of the "bearings" of the shaft, & she came to a dead stop & had to be towed in, & that piece of iron must be taken to Boston, & a man goes in to Boston in a whale boat this A.M. to carry it, & to get

[*Page 2*]

a new one in its place, & it cannot be done before Friday or Sat. of this week, & by that time this supernatural weather must come to an end,

& it will probably storm a month! And I am so eager to have my beloved grandchildren in my arms, & it is so hard to wait so long! But doubtless it is for some good purpose, all this delay, since we dont manage our own affairs, tho' we think we do, & a stronger power engineers existence for us whether we will or no!

Thank you for the advice about the hot beef tea & I'll try it again, tho' I have tried before. But the father of all the owls

[*Page 3*]

seems to take possession of me o' nights!

I sent the sonnet to Mr Scudder* but I dare say he wont want it. The Atlantic has become such an improved periodical since he took the helm — never since dear J.T.* had it has it been so fine, I think. Really one wants to read everything in it!

Annie, what do you make of this weather, as the Shoalers would say! Was ever any thing so [marvellous *so spelled*]! And more & more so, all the time. But I hear of snow in Minnesota

[*Page 4*]

coming this way — I am prepared for anything —

I wish I could fly over to Thunder bolt hill top!* the dear lovely place! My love to poor Pinny* when you write — I'm so sorry for all her anxieties{.}

Pardon the poor scrawl, the Shallop is ready to start — it will be a week before we can send a mail again, so I must send this poor little word — Ignatius & Edwina* were coming to [Ports *?*] from Jackson, Oct 12th, to see me, but alas I fear I shall not [see *?*] them in time. Too bad — I wonder why — Dearest love to you, beloved Annie, from your faithful

CT.

Notes

Pinafore: The Laighton family's steam tug, used for hauling heavy loads between Appledore and Portsmouth, NH.

Scudder: Horace Scudder. Key to Correspondents. Thaxter is not known to have published a poem in *Atlantic Monthly* during Scudder's tenure as editor, which began in 1890. Thaxter's "Sonnet. [W. J. Winch]" appeared in *The Century* 44 (1892) p. 535. See Thaxter to Fields of 18 September 1891.

J.T.: Field's deceased husband, James Thomas Fields. See Fields in Key to Correspondents. Fields was the second editor of *Atlantic Monthly* (1861-1871), following after Jewett correspondent James Russell Lowell.

Pinny: Sarah Orne Jewett. Her mother was suffering her final illness in October 1891.

Shallop: A shallop is a light sailboat. Whether Thaxter has capitalized the word is not perfectly clear, hence whether she is naming the type of boat or a boat that has this name.

Ignatius & Edwina: Edwina Booth (1861-1938), daughter of the American actor, Edwin Booth (1833-1893) and niece of the presidential assassin, John Wilkes Booth (1838-1865). Edwina Booth married Ignatius Grossman in May 1885.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, California: James Thomas Fields Papers and Addenda (1767-1914), mss FI 1-5637, Box 63 FI 1- 4162.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Edwin William Morse

South Berwick, Maine

6 October 1891

To the

Editor of The Book Buyer

My dear Sir

I thank you for your very kind note, but I am sorry to say that it will be impossible for me to promise to do even so short and pleasant a bit of work as the notice of Mrs. Jackson's book.*

May I

[*Page 2*]

take the liberty to* suggest that you ask Miss Sarah C. ^Susan Coolidge^ Woolsey* (93 Rhode Island Avenue, Newport) in my place? She has been so closely associated with Mrs. Jackson and her works and ways* that I think she would write the notice charmingly.

Yours very truly,

Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

Jackson's book: Helen Hunt Jackson. Key to Correspondents.

Richard Cary says that Jewett refers to Jackson's "*A Calendar of Sonnets*, published posthumously by Roberts Brothers in Boston, 1891."

liberty to: A piece has been torn from the top of the page. I have accepted Richard Cary's choices for filling in the small quantity of missing material.

Woolsey: Sarah Chauncey Woolsey. Key to Correspondents. Cary notes that Coolidge's review appeared in *The Book Buyer* Christmas Annual of December 1891. Because of the torn part, it is not clear where Jewett intended to insert "Susan Coolidge."

works and ways: "Works and ways" is a biblical-sounding phrase Jewett often used. It echoes some passages in the King James Bible -- Psalms 145:17, Daniel 4:37, and Revelations 15:3 -- where it usually suggests that while God's ways are mysterious, they also are to be accepted humbly by humanity.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Colby College Special Collections, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1. Richard Cary included his transcription in *Sarah Orne Jewett Letters.* New transcription and notes.

Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields

Shoals 9th Oct (91

.My dearest Annie:

Still here, tho' the rocker shaft is mended & the Pinafore ready to start, but the weather is so wild we dont dare cross today. They mean to go over if it lulls at all this afternoon to take a load of lobsters to market & will carry part of my furniture & traps, but as for myself & my beloved, precious, fragile plants & ferns & things that I have watched & tended so carefully all summer, we must wait

[*Page 2*]

for a calmer opportunity. Wasnt it a tremendous gale night before last and yesterday! I tho't of you on your hilltop as the hurricane raged and the floods & I hoped A. L.* was with you for company, since dear Pin* must have gone home again. Tho it cleared off so divinely yesterday aft. the wind "backed in," as the fishermen say, through the north, & there's no dependence to be placed on fair weather when that happens.

[*Page 3*]

O Annie, I hope I didn't stop you from sending <u>your</u> poem to the Atlantic! <u>Very</u> likely Mr Scudder* wont want mine <u>more</u> than likely, & then you will send yours. I'm so eager to see it! <u>Do</u> send me a copy! I never can wait till it's printed! I'm afraid I shall throw mine down the back stairs into the dump heap after I've seen yours — Dear me, how exciting! Mr Winch* must feel flattered with all our enthusiasm, dont you think so? But he <u>is</u> so splendid! How he <u>does</u> look when he sings! like a beauty, grave, quiet, earnest, great.

[*Page 4*]

O Annie dear I've worked so hard all Sept. I sent away 9 poems last mail & I didnt believe one of them was worth the paper it was written on — But I tried my best — I have been busy on a bit of MS.* I dont think that is worth its ink either, but I'm going to show it to you & Pin bye & bye & see what you think about it — I am so well now I hope to get at my painting again this winter. Next time I write I trust it will be from Ports. Dearest love to you from your

C.T.

Notes

A.L.: Probably Thaxter means Alice Longfellow. Key to Correspondents.

Pin: Sarah Orne Jewett.

Mr Scudder: Horace Scudder, editor of *Atlantic.* Key to Correspondents. Fields published no poems in *Atlantic* during 1891-1897.

Mr. Winch: William J. Winch (1847-) was a tenor. Along with John F. Winch, bass, and Mrs. John Winch, alto, he was part of a musical family performing in Boston from the 1870s.

See "Sweet Boston Singers" Boston *Globe* (13 October 1895) p. 28.

Thaxter's "Sonnet. [W. J. Winch]" appeared in *The Century* 44 (1892) p. 535. See Thaxter to Fields of 18 September 1891.

If Fields also wrote a poem about Mr. Winch, this is not yet known. She published "The Singing Shepherd" in *Harper's Magazine* in December of 1891, but the poem does not seem to refer in any direct way to William Winch.

MS.: It is probable that Thaxter was at work on her final book of prose, *An Island Garden* (1894).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields,

1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 6 (250-269).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Agnes Bartlett Brown

South Berwick Maine

12 October [*1891*]*

Dear M^rs^ Brown

I wonder if you still have that painting of the high green hillside in the twilight with the moon rising? I find myself thinking of it wistfully from time to time — will you tell me if you have it, or if I can! — and the price? It was in your last spring's exhibition.

I am sorry that I have

[*Page 2*]

seen you so very little this summer. I was very glad to spend those unexpected few minutes with you in the Newburyport station. It has been such a sad summer to me with my mother's illness growing worse and worse. She is very very ill just now and I think that the last few days have been worst of all. You can understand all this

[*Page 3*]

and the long nights and days —

I am not sure whether you are still in Newburyport, but whether you are there or in New York, I send much love to you and Mr. Brown and my best regards to your sister.

Yours affectionately,

Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

1891: Jewett's date is difficult to read. Cary reads it as 17 October, but to me it looks more like 12 October, and it is possible that we are both wrong.

Cary dates the letter to 1891, a choice supported by Jewett's report on her mother's health. Mrs. Jewett died on 21 October 1891.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Colby College Special Collections, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1. Richard Cary included his transcription in *Sarah Orne Jewett Letters. New transcription and notes.*

Louisa Dresel to Sarah Orne Jewett

Oct. 12.

[*1891*]*

Beverly, Mass.

My dear S.O.J.

This is to certify that my foot is on my native heath. Where is yours?

Some days since in Manchester, I know, but that was while we were still at Pepperell.* If the weather were not so frigid I should venture down the coast on a voyage of discovery, on the chance of still finding you and Mrs. Fields* on your windy hill-top.

[*Page 2*]

but there have been such gales the past day or two that I fear I should be blown out of my buggy into the sea —

Beside, I have business on hand, and must go to town within a day or two, and really should hardly feel justified in "vagabonding" just at present, — unless the weather should turn out uncommonly warm, when of course sketching comes in, or long drives or anything of the kind which one does on a specially pleasant day.

I have only been in Beverly since three days, having

[*Page 3*]

lingered as long as my conscience justified — or rather longer! — in Pepperell. I had a really delightful fortnight there. My little Aunt Mrs. King* was, and still is there, and Mrs. Hale and Nellie,* and some other nice people of whom I must tell you some day, and I had the best sort of time "playing" with Nellie — we really had great fun, and I must tell you all about it when I see you.

Marianne* writes that she truly loved the little Chair story, and she has sent it to another friend of hers now,

[*Page 4*]

so you see your circulation in Germany is increasing!

I have sent her David Berry now. That was a very true one I think. I am sure it happened in Beverly. Everything is getting so horribly modern here now that it makes me feel quite homesick. The electric lights reach all the way down to the corner, and we have escaped electric-cars only

by a very small vote at town meeting the other day.

If you are to be in Boston this week or next, I wish you would let me know, because I shall have to go down once or twice and

[*Page 5*]

perhaps could go to the station by way of Charles Street.

Ellis* is in Cambridge and hard at work. He has a room there till he joins us in town about November 1st.

We hope to catch some more warm days by staying here a little longer, but if it stays so cold we shall probably wish we hadn't!

Beverly is very quiet at this season and a little lonely — but it is a good thing to have a little time to sort one's thoughts before taking the plunge into winter occupations —

[*Page 6*]

There are some European Sketches for you to see — but not very many I am sorry to say. I did some work at Pepperell. I think my New England blood is coming to the surface, for even after England and Germany and the Tyrol, our Massachusetts hills and meadows charmed my brush, and I felt in

[*Page 7*]

harmony with my subjects more than ever before. — I must tell you about the Pepperell days — there are some things I have saved up for you especially. I hope I shall see you before too very long, because there are one or two million things I might tell you, and tales get stale by keeping, they are nicest fresh from the oven!

Please give my love to Mrs. Fields if you are with her.

Always yours very truly

Loulie.

Notes

1891: Dresel mentions two of Jewett's stories that had appeared in June and August of 1891. See below.

Pepperell: This town in northern Massachusetts is named after the colonial soldier, Sir William Pepperell.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields, who resided at Charles Street in Boston and at Thunderbolt Hill in Manchester-by-the-Sea, Massachusetts.

Mrs. King: Caroline Howard King. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Hale and Nellie: Ellen Day Hale. Key to Correspondents. She is known for portraits, landscapes, and genre painting. Her father was the orator, Edward Everett Hale (1822-1909); her mother was Emily Baldwin Perkins (1829-1914). Mrs. Hale was an aunt of Charlotte Perkins Gilman (1860-1935).

Marianne: Marianne Theresia Brockhaus. Key to Correspondents.

little Chair story: "Peg's Little Chair" appeared in *Wide Awak*e (33:204-214) in August 1891.

David Berry: "The Failure of David Berry" first appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in June 1891. It concerns an aging shoemaker who is not able to prosper as local conditions change.

Ellis: Dresel's brother. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Small Library, University of Virginia, Special Collections MSS 6218, Sarah Orne Jewett Papers.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Dresel

Friday. South Berwick

[*16 October 1891*]*

Dear Loulie

I hoped to spend this Sunday at Manchester and to go to the concert, and to do other things — but my mother is not so well again and I couldnt think of leaving home. Mrs. Fields* will be in Manchester a week

[*Page 2*]

or ten days longer. I am so glad that you had such a good time in Pepperrell* and I shall wish to hear all about it. I must thank you for your last foreign letter too, which held what I thought a very bad little likeness of you. I dont like it a bit, and I dont

[*Page 3*]

hesitate to say so. It is not <u>my</u> Loulie <u>at all</u>!!

I send this hurried note without trying to make it any longer except to send much love to your mother and you — Mrs. Fields and I only

missed you from Saturday to Monday the day we drove to your door. I

[*Page 4*]

wish that you had been at home.

Yours affectionately

S.O.J.

Notes

1891: "Oct 1891" is penciled here in another hand. With this letter is an envelope addressed to Mifs Dresel in Beverly, Mass., and cancelled in South Berwick and in Beverly on 16 October 1891. October 16 fell on a Friday in 1891. See Dresel to Jewett of 12 October 1891.

Fields: Annie Adams Fields.

Pepperrell: Pepperrell is a village in northeastern Massachusetts.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Princeton University Library, Princeton, NJ: Robert H. Taylor Collection of English and American Literature RTC01, Box 10, Folder 12.

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett

Studio —

[*16 October 1891*]*

Dear I have come here from Trinity where the Consecration Service made a great and moving & uplifting period — a wonderful beauty lay in it all: centering in Mr. Brooks* & communicating itself to all beholders.

It is a great office this of Bishop — but its greatness only really becomes apparent when it is filled by a great man: [*unrecognized mark*] & so there comes in now a

[*Page 2*]

strange new recognition of all that may come out of this new splendor.

I wished for you: & I loved to get the letter: & I have not yet ^read^ the little book* because I have kept it for a quiet hour & not [~~just~~ *?*] [found *?*] it — but I keep the faith & the book! — — I am just getting the last glass* off this week: I wish I could show you the three little cherubs now: they look rather well: & I am hoping

[*Page 3*]

that in their place will come some satisfaction.

I have not seen A. F.* nor indeed any one, since my three days in Williamstown* — the most charming town set in the midst of the most genial & beneficent landscape I have ever seen in America — we will speak of it all some day.

This loves you.

SW

Notes

16 October 1891: The envelope associated with this letter is addressed to Jewett in South Berwick and cancelled on 16 October 1891.

Mr. Brooks: Phillips Brooks was consecrated Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Massachusetts on 14 October 1891. Key to Correspondents.

little book: One might suspect that Whitman refers to a volume of Jewett's work, but Jewett published no book in 1891.

last glass: It seems likely that Whitman is working on stained glass she contributed to Harvard University's Memorial Hall. Among her contributions are four small windows depicting cherubs named Amor, Honor, Courage and Patience. These form part of the memorial to Civil War veterans of Harvard.

Williamstown: This northwestern Massachusetts town is the home of Williams College (Founded 1791).

A.F.: Annie Adams Fields.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904. 92 letters; [1884]-[1903] & [n.d.] Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 - 107.

Transcription from *Letters of Sarah Wyman Whitman* (1907).

Part of this letter appears on p. 72.

October, 1891.

I have come here from Trinity where the Consecration Service made a great and moving and uplifting period; a wonderful beauty lay in it all; centering in Mr. Brooks and communicating itself to all beholders.

It is a great office this of Bishop; but its greatness only really becomes apparent when it is filled by a great man, and so there comes in

now a strange new recognition of all that may come out of this new splendor. . . .

I have not seen A. F. nor indeed any one, since my three days in Williamstown, the most charming town set in the midst of the most genial and beneficent landscape I have ever seen in America.

Annie Adams Fields to John Greenleaf Whittier

Manchester Oct. 18th

[1891]*

Thunderbolt Hill

My very dear friend;

[Sarah's *corrected*] mother has been growing more ill and much weaker almost imperceptibly to her until the moment has come when they have sent for a nurse in order that they may get sufficient sleep — Of course{,} Sarah has not been able to come to me except for a chance day once in a long

[*Page 2*]

while and therefore we have missed our autumn visit to you which is always so great a delight to us.

What a rich season it has been! And how beautiful. Here it is still too fine to make me wish to go to town{.} I did pass three days in Babel* a short time ago for the sake of going to a few meetings but it

[*Page 3*]

was more refreshing than I can express to get back to the freedom of this place. This is my last Sunday however and I should really have gone earlier but Mifs Longfellow* who has been ill felt inclined to come here to recuperate a little and I con=

[*Page 4*]

=cluded to let my inclination [lay *?*] in with her wish and get something of the freshness and beauty of autumn here.

Dear friend! I do wish I could get to see you but after I go to town sometime I wish to make up for this loss.

What a grand scene that consecration must have been. It was a hard thing to do but I believe Phillips Brooks was right

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 1*]

to make the change — Good bye dear friend from your loving

Annie Fields.

Notes

1890: Notes in one or more other hands on the first page of this letter offer this year. This must be correct, for Phillips Brooks became Bishop of Massachusetts on 14 October 1891 and Caroline Jewett died on 21 October 1891.

Sarah's: Sarah Orne Jewett.

Babel: Fields refers to Boston, comparing it to the site of the story of the Tower of Babel in the Bible's Old Testament book of Genesis.

Longfellow: Alice Longfellow. Key to Correspondents.

Brooks: Phillips Brooks. Key to Correspondents.
Brooks was consecrated Bishop of Massachusetts on 14 October 1891. At this time, he ceased giving Sunday sermons at Trinity Church in Boston, where Fields and Jewett often heard him. Wikipedia.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Pickard-Whittier papers: MS Am 1844. Box 2, Item 122. Fields, Annie (Adams) 1834-1915. 61 letters; 1873-1892.

Kate Bradbury to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Begin Letterhead*]

Riversdale,

Ashton-under-Lyne.

[*End Letterhead*]

19th Oct 1891*

My dear, dear Sarah,

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended,"* and I have not seen you, and I have not seen Mrs Fields in the course of them as I fondly hoped to do when "The time for the singing of birds" came last. Has there been any summer at all? we are all [saying *?*] to ourselves and to each other -, seasons & landscapes alike having been for the most part [*blurred* of politics and laws *?*]. I am so very tired of it, & of the winter beforehand. And the last few weeks our dear old [royal *?*] Collie — Laddie, whose gentle dignity

and grand appearance had captivated us all since a friend gave

[*Page 2*]

him to me five years ago, began to ail. I had known him for many years before he came here, how many I was not too curious to determine, since I did not care for the "vet" to give his patient up as too old for care. Laddie had magnificent [teeth *?*], & [dear - [caring-form *?*]* eyes to the last, with a wonder - of a coat.* [*Deletion*] ^When he^ put himself to his [speed *?*] he went like a beautiful bounding arrow of wool. [May Annie *?*],* our - old [servant *?*] loved Laddie, & Laddie loved her, & she and I nursed him & [grieved *?*] over him together. I had chloroform ready — in case —; but we felt that Laddie had a right to be treated as something other - than a mere beast, for - when physical suffering is the greatest evil — but he had a right to endure to the end. [At the *?*] [*unrecognized word*] last he crossed the river [where *or* when] t'was [*unrecognized word*] & his life went its way out of ours. I was glad — [Twas telling on my *?*] mother — a good deal. [Then *?*]

[*Page 3*]

Laddie, born 15 years ago in the Queen's stables at Balmoral, was buried in a great box made by Mr Petrie* in Egypt, sealed with Arab seals. One night while Laddie was on his [way *?*], I dined with Lady Carlisle* who was airing her - views up & down the county, & to hear her apply her - [strenuous *?*], personal, shortsighted, optimism to a world of old age, death, & geological periods made me as much inclined to laugh as to cry, to cry as to laugh. She does not believe in the possibility of an equal distribution of wealth, but in [that *?*] [*deletion*] of the equal distribution of refinement & culture she does! 'Tis amazing how ^some^ folks [have *corrected*] a perfect gift for - [*unrecognized word*] away from anything in the shape of a fact. Lady Carlisle said that if we would associate in terms of equality, in ten years the thing [could *?*] be done. She is a religious woman too — vaguely & practically — the millennium here & heaven hereafter - is her - hope. She [has *?*]

[*Page 4*]

colliers, & workpeople generally, dining with her, — lunching, — after-noon-teaing &c — in a [regular - *?*], informal, family way, & told me that they were not [picked men *?*], & that I should not find them different to anyone else. I have known working people all [my*?*] life, I should hardly have known them to so little [purpose or *?*] understanding. As for her - ladyship, I doubt if she has ever - known any body [even *?*] as we are content to know most of our - acquaintances ^in a world where^ [where *repeated*] our - friends' hearts know their own bitterness, & we are strangers [intermittently even to our very dearest *?*] at times. She [said *?*] with the sense of ~~all~~ "the burden & the [mystery *?*] of all this unintelligible world", always at [last we settle on its lees *?*], which [*2 unrecognized words*] [together *?*] - stirred into troubled waters (these mixed metaphors must be more expressive to you my dear){.} I had a [fiend *?*] of a corkscrew head-ache, which left my brains like a cracked curd, and I turned to read over - [again *?*]

[*Page 5, a letterhead page*]

some of your - dear - tales, for their - "sweetness & light",* their - [treasure *?*], their - wisdom and innocence, "wise with the wisdom that cometh only from the Lord, cometh [*only ?*] to the children of the Kingdom." Only afterward do I think of the art & insight which are yours, & admire the workmanship. And you have written a history of the Normans.* For [play *?*], you may do these things; but [do be *?*] Culturegeschicht,* dont merely record it. — please.

I think I wonder every day more [and more *?*] how the days pass at South Berwick, on the hill-top, & in Charles Street.* One grows to think that a clear path, & simple feelings are the very height of psychic luxury. I do

[*Page 6*]

not think happily of a you & Mrs Fields as not together, & my heart goes out to where the dear mother - lies ill.* On Wednesday I go to my [poo p'formin *?*] owl,* who has a performance in her - own neighborhood on the 22nd, i.e. [this *?*] Thursday. She is better than ever I expected her - to be again, & I have been able to be with my father and mother for - 10 weeks, since we returned from the Continent. They do not look pleased that I am going away again now; but it is not for long this time, & the poo' owl will come back with me. I want so much, & so anxiously to see her - again.

To our - [joy *?*] we saw the Warners,* again & again. But they have not been to England, & they have nearly travelled themselves to death. Mr Warner was in England for - a month, but it was while we were abroad.

[*Page 7*]

I am sad & sorry that they could not come to us, sad with a kind of [*unrecognized word*]* as though they would never - all come to Europe again. Will they talk to you about us? I like to think so & to feel as if we were almost with you at the time, watching the sunset over - the [bg *?*] in Charles Street, [as reflected in the *?*] stream of the little dell below [*deletion*] our - house in Hartford.

I hope we shall see the Merrimans,* for I guessed that they were [rich *?*] from the seriousness of their - refinement; how rich I [*deletion*] did not know. Roger - was a nice lad, & I wondered much if the charming trustful simplicity of [his *corrected*] character, & his gentle tastes would weather - well. [How *?*] are they?

It is always a grief that I did not see more of M^rs^ Whitman,* a grief not without something of the nature of hope, [bring *?*]

[*Page 8*]

her - my love wont you?

I must not tell you now of anything Egypt — I have talked & talked "like a crane or a swallow so did I chatter -." I wish you were here, [as I write *?*], for - I would tell you of our travels, of Scotland in September where the winds over - hills & heather - seem still to carry mourning for - Culloden* — & then of Egypt, which is a grave now as ever -, whence the dead call the living. Then we would do some human natural history together -.

My mother - sends you both* her - love, always wondering with my father -, if you will come, if they shall ever - see you.

I remember your - sister so well at Mrs Johnson's* & in Charles Street, & it is with thoughts of love that I bear - in mind all that [belongs *corrected*] to you.

With love always from

Kate Bradbury

Notes

1891: It is not clear that Bradbury wrote "th" for the superscript. She appears to have written only "h".

Bradbury's handwriting is extremely challenging. Even with the many explicit guesses in this transcription, most of it is at least somewhat speculative. She seems to use short-hand abbreviations for a number of words, not all of which I have been able to decipher. Hence, the many guesses at her intentions in this transcription.

She frequently places marks that appear to be hyphens in odd places, especially after words ending in "r." I have placed these marks as she does, without knowing whether they are meaningful.

summer is ended: See the Bible KJV, Jeremiah 8.

birds: See the Bible KJV, Song of Solomon 2:12.

caring-form: This transcription is uncertain.

May Annie: This transcription is uncertain, and the person has not been identified.

Petrie: Sir William Matthew Flinders Petrie (1853-1942), "commonly known as Flinders Petrie, was an English Egyptologist and a pioneer of systematic methodology in archaeology and preservation of artifacts." Wikipedia.

Lady Carlisle: Almost certainly, this is Rosalind Howard, Countess of Carlisle (1845-1921). Wikipedia.

unintelligible world: While this quotation appears in a number of sources, its origin is uncertain. It appears to be based upon British poet William Wordsworth's (1770-1850) "Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey, On Revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a Tour. July 13, 1798":

> Nor less, I trust,
> To them I may have owed another gift,
> Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
> In which the burthen of the mystery,
> In which the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world,
> Is lightened: ...

sweetness & light: According to Wikipedia, this phrase as a literary reference first appeared in *The Tale of a Tub* by Anglo-Irish author Jonathan Swift (1667-1745). However, Bradbury more likely refers to its use by British author Matthew Arnold (1822-1888) in *Culture and Anarchy* (1869). Arnold used the term to refer to traditional purposes of literature, to please and instruct.

children of the Kingdom: Though this quotation sounds Biblical, in this form it seems to originate in *Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster* by Scottish

author D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson (1829-1902). Wikipedia.

Normans: Though Jewett's *The Story of the Normans* first appeared at the end of 1886, a British reprint was published in 1891, with a new title: *The Normans, told chiefly in relation to their conquest of England*. Probably, Bradbury has taken note of this reprint.

Culturegeschicht: In German, Kulturgeschichte refers to the history of spiritual and cultural life. Bradbury's spelling of the word includes marks over the letter "u," that appear as a backwards "c."

Charles Street: Bradbury refers to the three homes among which Jewett divided her time, in her birthplace of South Berwick, ME, and at the two homes of Annie Adams Fields, on Charles Street in Boston, MA, and on Thunderbolt Hill in Manchester by the Sea, MA. Key to Correspondents.

Bradbury had visited the United States in 1890. Wikipedia.

lies ill: Jewett's mother, Caroline Frances Perry Jewett died on 21 October 1891.

owl: It seems likely that Bradbury refers to Amelia Ann Blanford Edwards (1831-1892), English author and fellow Egyptologist, with whom Bradbury traveled to the United States in 1891. Edwards was in failing health at the time of her American lecture tour.

Warners: Charles Dudley Warner. Key to Correspondents.

unrecognized word: This looks as if it could be a German noun, but I can make out too few letters to hazard a guess.

Merrimans ... Roger: Helen Bigelow Merriman and her son, Roger. Key to Correspondents.

Whitman: Sarah Wyman Whitman.

chatter: See the Bible KJV, Isaiah 38: 14.

Culloden: Bradbury refers to the Battle of Culloden of 1746, in which British forces finally ended the Jacobite rebellion of 1745, an attempt by Scottish forces to restore Charles Edward Stewart to the British throne. Wikipedia.

both: Bradbury addresses both Jewett and Fields.

sister ... Johnsons: Mary Rice Jewett and, probably, Robert and Katharine Johnson. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Bradbury, Kate. 1 letter; 1891, bMS Am 1743 (26).

Louisa Dresel to Sarah Orne Jewett

Beverly — Tuesday

[*20 October 1891*]*

Dear S O J,

It was good to hear from you, even though you could tell nothing better.

I am so sorry that your mother has been no better, and I am sorry too to think that you are out of my reach, in the to me always rather mythical South Berwick home —

But Manchester is perhaps not very desirable such a day as today, when on our lesser hill-top we are being deluged and

[*Page 2*]

blown away. And I almost hope Mrs. Fields* is in the safer haven of Charles St. We are to move some days sooner than we at first thought (the 30th) so shall see her in town before long.

I had glimpses of Mrs Whitman* twice, once in the cars, when I had her quite to myself all the way from Beverly to Boston which was delightful — but the shore is getting rather deserted, and viewed in the rain, town-life possesses some attractions. I am going into oil paints Nov. 1st, — this sounds a little as if I were a small boy "going into long pants" and the sensation is analogous, being a sort of promotion!

[*Page 3*]

There are good reasons, which it would take too long to explain —

I am sending you a book, to read three stories in — do not take the trouble to return it by mail, but put it in your trunk any time when you come to Boston, and leave it at Mrs Fields's for me — I think that you will like these three: "Rève" p. 3, "Chagrin d'un veiux forçat" p. 19, "Dans le passé mort" p. 177. The title of the book* is lugubrious ^enough^ to scare any one, and indeed I should not call any of the stories very cheering, nor should I advise any one to read certain of the others, unless they wished to court the blues. I read the whole book through

[*Page 4*]

— at sea — Except where he gets too dismal there is such charming imagination and such a delicate touch that I quite unexpectedly found myself liking the book —

The day I came down from Pepperell,* I started at quarter of seven in the morning, and there drove to the station ^in the coach^ with me a middleaged woman with whom in the course of three miles I became quite intimate. She said she came ~~down~~ ^up to P.^ the day before to "the wedding," she did not say whose, because she thought of course I knew, so I carefully did not let on that I did n't, and she told me all about it, and just how the bride's dress was trimmed, and about the reception, and that she had

[*Page 5*]

some bride-cake & some wedding-cake in a box to take home to her husband, and that the weather being so uncertain she had n't dared to wear up her good dress, but had it in the paper-box, which was inconvenient about changing cars in Boston — And then she said that "Harriet" wore nile-green to be married in, and for her part she did like to see a bride in white, and last year Mary Walker* was married in a navy blue silk and a white veil, and she did n't think it looked well though twas a real heavy silk, and that "Harriet" wore a half-moon of orange flowers in her hair, and made a real lovely bride —

[*Page 6*]

Mrs. Blake* had asked her to stay till the later train, but she guessed she'd better not, because there was always such a lot to clear up in a house after a wedding, so she thought she'd better go, though she was kind of tired, as she'd never go to bed till twelve oclock, and then Mrs. Blake had come in to talk things over after she got in bed — [" *so written*]

— I think Pepperell is really a place for studies in your department, for whenever I go there I keep meeting with things that ought to be in your stories. Don't you think the navy blue silk and white veil ought to work in well some day?

[*Page 7*]

I wish you knew the Pecks —* and the farm. There were nine little pigs this Autumn who ran about loose, and used to come into the carriage-house which Nellie Hale* and I used as studies, and stand in a row and stare at us while we worked, and then when one of us moved, dash off in a way which gave me a clearer idea than ^I^ ever ^had^ before of how the herd of swine* rushed into the sea in the Bible when the demon entered into them! —

Good-by, this letter is a not-to-be-answered one — or I should feel

[*Page 8*]

naughty for writing so soon again.

But you see I think of you so often that sometimes I feel like writing, and I send you dearest love, and tell you again that you~~r~~ are not to answer notes from me unless you like, or ever do anything of the kind regarding me, because with me it really does not matter in the least, and I think this is one advantage about being acquainted with me.

I shall hear of you through Mrs. Fields soon.

Yours, Loulie.

[*Down from the left margin across the top margin of page 1*]

I drove to Chebacco ponds* on Sunday and the maples were gorgeous, like flames reflected in the water. How are they up your way? Here they are fine only by the brooks & swamps, elsewhere it has been too dry, I suppose —

Notes

October 20, 1891: Dresel's descriptions of colored maple leaves places this letter in October. Her reference to Pierre Loti's book as new, places it in 1891. This seems clearly to follow her letter of 12 October 1891. Her reference to the illness of Jewett's mother anticipates Mrs. Jewett's death on 21 October 1891. October 13 and 20 fell on Tuesday that year, but this letter also seems to follow Jewett to Dresel of 16 October.

Dresel seems to be inconsistent in her use of the subscript opening quotation mark.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields.

Mrs Whitman: Sarah Wyman Whitman.

title of the book: Dresel refers to *The Book of Pity and of Death* (1891) by Pierre Loti (Louis Marie-Julien Viaud, 1850-1923). The stories she recommends are: "A Dream," "The Sorrow of an Old Convict," and "In the Dead Past." See the1892 English translation by T. P. O'Connor.

Pepperell: This town in northern Massachusetts is named after the colonial soldier, Sir William Pepperell.

Harriet ... Mary Walker: The identities of these persons are not known.

Mrs. Blake: The identity of this person is not known.

Among Fields's Back Bay neighbors at this time was Alice Spring Blake (1845-1923), widow of banker James Henry Blake (1842-1889).

the Pecks: The identity of this family is not known.

Nellie Hale: Ellen (Nelly) Day Hale. Key to Correspondents.

swine: The story of Jesus's exorcism of the Gadarene demoniac appears in Mark 5:1-20, Luke 8:26-39, and Matthew 8:28-34.

Chebacco ponds: Five ponds in Essex and Hamilton, Massachusetts, the largest of which is Chebacco Lake. They are between Beverly and Essex.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Small Library, University of Virginia, Special Collections MSS 6218, Sarah Orne Jewett Papers.

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21 October 1891

Death of Jewett's mother

Caroline Frances Perry Jewett

John Greenleaf Whittier to Sarah Orne Jewett

Amesbury

October 22 1891

My very dear Friend,

So the inevitable end has come. I know from my own experience that something of ones own life goes with every such bereavement* — something which can never return again. But the dispensation is a merciful one. Your tender ministrations and

[*Page 2*]

loving care could not save the dear one from suffering or pain and weariness. You can now leave her in the arms of the loving Father, who can do for her what you could not.

But what are words at such a time? [Do *corrected*] not doubt that I shall think of you with tenderest sympathy. In spirit I shall sit with you in your circle of mourning{.} The dear Lord be with

[*Page 3*]

and comfort you!

I have been suffering for the last 3 weeks with {a} bad cold which has affected my lungs and which confines me to my room.* I see as few of the people who call, as possible for company tires me and it troubles me to talk.

I had a lovely letter from our dear Annie Fields,* dated on the 18th. She will stay at Manchester a few days longer.

[*Page 4*]

With love to thy sister* I am more if possible, than ever thy affectionate friend

John G Whittier

Notes

bereavement: Jewett's mother, Caroline Frances Perry Jewett, died on October 21, 1891.

room: Whittier appears to have written two periods here.

Annie Fields: Annie Adam Fields.

sister: Almost certainly Whittier refers to Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence. Letters from John Greenleaf Whittier, MS Am 1743 (235).

A previous transcription by Richard Cary appears in "Whittier Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett," *in Memorabilia of John Greenleaf Whittier,* ed. John B. Pickard (Hartford: The Emerson Society, 1968), pp. 11-22. New transcription and notes.

Mary Bucklin Claflin to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*After 21 October 1891*]*

My dear Sarah.

The sad news has reached me to-day — ever [listening for you *?*]

What can I say to you my dear girl "what can be said better than silence is" ?* — We all wish we could do something but alas! there is nothing to do but to bear. Mary has broken her arm

[*Page 2*]

and cannot write. Emma* is away from home, but we all love you dear Sarah. Will you express

my sympathy and love and interest for all your family.

Yours always

M. B. Claflin.

Notes

1891: Almost certainly the occasion of this letter was the death of Jewett's mother on 21 October 1891.

silence is: This quotation is from "Morituri Salutamus: Poem for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Class of 1825 in Bowdoin College" by American poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Key to Correspondents.

Emma: Emma Claflin Ellis. Key to Correspondents. Mary has not yet been identified.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Additional Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. bMS Am 1743.1 (19).

This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Box 2, Folder 99, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood

[*After 21 October 1891*]*

Hoopeston, Ill.

Dear Miss Jewett: —

When I saw your mother's death announced and thought how I lost my mother when I was only ten, I envied you that long companionship, that unspeakable comfort of being mothered in one's girlhood. There cannot be any bitterer misery

[*Page 2*]

than early orphanhood. How much you have [seen *?*] of life!

I, who have mourned a mother all my years but ten, know what your loss is now; for mine accumulates.

With sincerest sympathy,

Mary H. Catherwood.

Notes

1891: Jewett's mother died on 21 October 1891.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Miller Library, Special Collections, Colby College, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1.

Helen Bell to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*after 21 October 1891*]*

My dearest Sarah —

It seems almost intrusive in me to write you now — yet I must say what I hope you already know, that my warmest love & sympathy are with you all —

I can understand so well, dearest, what this must

[*Page 2*]

be to you — and my heart is aching for you —

Oh, if I could only do, or say something to help you! What an inexpressible comfort it is, that when all human aid fails, there is something higher to support us through the dark hours of life —

Will you please say to the [sisters *?*] that I sym-

[*Page 3*]

pathize with them most earnestly & deeply, & that I am always your very loving cousin

Helen Bell —

Notes

1891: An envelope associated with this letter is addressed to Jewett in South Berwick, ME, canceled in Exeter, MA., on 21 of some month. The content seems to make clear that Bell writes to Jewett and her sisters as survivors of the death of their mother on 21 October 1891.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Sarah Orne Jewett, Additional Correspondence, MS Am 1743.1, Box 1, Item 8, I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett

Saturday

[*24 October 1891*]*

My darling, my thoughts & love have been yours ever since I saw the brief word which told me that your dear Mother had been taken into heaven: & the love stays with you now, saying no word because no word is deep or sweet or

rich enough, but holding your hand & being still with you.

And tonight it was very [dear *?*] to me to have your message — oh so dear: for it was strange that my conditions should have stretched across

[*Page 2*]

to your knowledge & found so sure a note of consolation. The time has [passed *?*] of late for more than one reason — but never missed that, so long as one can hold on — & I was glad (although so long) to make the move on Friday, that being the necessity. I staid home for [three *?*] days sketching but the first day it rained: & when the second came there came with it a terrible accident to my [*unrecognized word*] Beaux: three dogs attacking him at once — &

[*Page 3*]

he rescued just with a little thread of life — to which I clung, & I think it will bring him through. I [brought *?*] him up on a cushion: & was amazed at his [*unrecognized word*] [bouncing *?*] and high behavior.

Now in the days following will come the usual press, & on Thursday is the consecration of the little church in Baltimore,* & [*deleted word*] ^I must be^ there of necessity: so that I fly over Wednesday — having dispatched all the glass as [*three unrecognized words*].

This is to give

[*Page 4*]

you word of me, as you see dear friend: but I could wish my steps might tend Eastward rather: & so find you in the old places, with the pain of loss everywhere: and yet into a diviner gain beside.

God bless & keep you.

_Sw_*

77 Mount Vernon Street

Notes

24 October 1891: This date is determined by the death of Jewett's mother on Wednesday 21 October 1891.

little church in Baltimore: Whitman was a first cousin of the Baltimore industrialist, William Keyser, who built All Saints Episcopal Church in Baltimore in 1891. Whitman designed and built stained glass windows for this church.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904. 92 letters; [1884]-[1903] & [n.d.] Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 - 107.

Transcription from *Letters of Sarah Wyman Whitman* (1907)

Part of this letter appeared on p. 73.

October, 1891.

My thoughts and love have been yours, ever since I saw the brief word which told that your dear Mother had been taken into heaven, and the love stays with you now saying no word because no word is deep, or sweet, or rich enough . . . but I wish my steps might tend Eastward rather, and so find you in the old places, with the pain of loss everywhere and yet with a diviner gain beside.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Lilian Woodman Aldrich

South Berwick

Monday 26 October [*1891*]*

My dear Lilian

I thank you so much for your kind letter to Mary* and me — it seemed almost like seeing you. Indeed I am very sure of your sympathy and affection. Of course it has been a great comfort to know that my dear mothers long illness

[*Page 2*]

has ended, but the sorrow is none the less heavy. I hope that it may be very long before the same grief comes to you — but I find it true now as I have found before that one never knows ones dear friends until they are gone and I know my dear mother and feel nearer her than ever.

[*Page 3*]

It is so kind of you to think of our coming for a few days — it was like you to think of it, but I believe that it is best for Mary & me to stay here just now. We both send you our love and thanks.

Yours affectionately

S. O. J.

I wish that you ^ 'both'^ could have

[*Page 4*]

been here Friday. A.F.* came the evening after mother's death and stayed until the funeral was over and was such a comfort! The last few days went so swiftly and in such anxiety that I could not write [and *possibly deleted*] ^could^ hardly think of anything outside these four walls. Thank you again dear Lilian for writing to us.

Notes

1891: Jewett's mother died on 21 October 1891.

Mary: Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

A. F.: Annie Fields (1834-1915). Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Thomas Bailey Aldrich Papers, 119 letters of Thomas Bailey and Lilian Woodman Aldrich, 1837-1926. MS Am 1429 (117).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Dresel

South Berwick
28 October 1891

My dear Loulie

Thank you for your dear letter. It is a great comfort to know that my dear mother's illness* is ended but the loss falls just as heavily in our hearts — perhaps more so because all her pain and suffering brought us closer than anything else ever

[*Page 2*]

did. These last few weeks have been most hard to bear but as I look back I find some of the dearest and best minutes that my mother and I ever had together scattered along the way — I miss her and miss her: it seems impossible that she should be gone.

A. F.* came at once from Manchester

[*Page 3*]

and was the best of comforts. I don't know what we should have done without her.

Give my dear love to Mrs. Dresel and I send my love to you Loulie dear with thanks for the book* which I shall read presently. I know about it and am so glad to see it.

Yours ever affectionately
S. O. J.

Notes

illness: Jewett's mother died on October 21, 1891.

A.F.: Annie Adams Fields.

book: In Dresel's letter to Jewett of 20 October 1891, she says she is sending Jewett a copy of *The Book of Pity and of Death* (1891) by French author Pierre Loti (Louis Marie-Julien Viaud, 1850-1923).

The manuscript of this letter is held by Colby College Library Special Collections, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1 — Folder A14: to Louisa Loring Dresel., 1886-1898. Richard Cary's annotated transcription appeared in "Jewett to Dresel: 33 Letters," *Colby Library Quarterly* 7:1 (March 1975), 13-49. New transcription and notes.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mabel Lowell Burnett

South Berwick

Wednesday 28 October

[*1891*]*

My dearest Mabel

I have been wishing to write to you — I have been thinking of you so very often and I long to see you. So that I was more than ever glad to get your most dear letter yesterday. We cant write each other much of what is in our hearts but every word you

[*2*]

say meant a great deal to me and brought a great deal of comfort of sympathy and true friendliness which I took to my heart and can never let go — I have thought and thought of you since you came back to Elmwood and followed you about sometimes with a [wistful *or* wishful] thought. It seems sometimes just now as if we could not help living backward into our

[*3*]

half-understood past, but you cant help living forward with your dear eager children and as for me I must hold fast to my writing and be all that I can be to my two dear sisters and my dear friends. I didn't know what sadness would fall on my heart when I knew that childhood was strangely and [surely *?*] living on ^only^ while there was still somebody near whose child I was; but

[*4*]

all these things that one misses are simply grown larger and changed for the better. I never have felt so near to my mother, or knew her and the best of her best life as I have in the days since she went — I know that it must be so with you, so let me be thankful and take courage my darling. Do be very good and mind your Dr. Robinson,* and dont forget among all the things that hold you fast how dear you are to

S. O. J.

Notes

1891: Probably this letter was written soon after the death of Jewett's mother, Caroline Frances Perry Jewett, on 21 October 1891. Burnett's father, James Russell Lowell, died on 12 August, the same year. In 1891, 28 October fell on a Wednesday.

Dr. Robinson: This person has not yet been identified.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. James Russell Lowell additional papers I. Correspondence and compositions. Box 2, Collection Call Number: MS Am 1483, Items 1867.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Horace Scudder

South Berwick Maine

29 October 1891

My dear Mr. Scudder

My sister and I thank you sincerely for your kind letter. It is of course a great comfort just now to think that my mother's long illness is over,* but the loss of her presence is very hard to bear, and these are most

[2]

sad days to us.

It was very kind in you to write, and we both send our kindest thanks to you, and to Mrs. Scudder for her messages.

Your most truly

S. O. Jewett

Notes

over: The Jewett sisters' mother died October 21, 1891.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Colby College Library Special Collections, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1 — Folder A62: to Horace Elisha Scudder., 1869-1901 and undated. Richard Cary's annotated transcription appeared in *Sarah Orne Jewett Letters* (1967). New transcription and notes.

Sarah Orne Jewett to an unknown recipient
Fragment

Friday

[*November 1891*]

……I always remember dear Ellen Mason's* writing me that we always feel like a child as long as our mothers live and then feel as if we were left alone to face the world for the first time.

Notes

November 1891: Because this fragment expresses Jewett's feeling about her mother's death, it seems likely to have been composed soon after October of 1891.

Ellen Mason: Key to Correspondents.

This text is from transcriptions from mixed repositories in the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Undated Letters, Folder 75, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Henry Oscar Houghton

South Berwick

Sunday November 1st [1891]*

Dear Mr. Houghton

Your have been so kind a friend that I wish to ask your sympathy now in the great sorrow which has befallen me, in my mother's death. I do not suppose that the news will surprise you as I have told you long since of her hopeless illness. Please tell Lizzie* — and say also that I was

[*Page 2*]

glad to get her most interesting letter and that I mean to answer it soon.

You and your girls will know what sad days these are to me — it is such a comfort to know that my dear mother will not suffer any more pain, but it is a sore loss and I miss her more and more —

With kindred thoughts, and wishes for your journeying I am —

Yours sincerely

Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

1891: Jewett's mother, Caroline, died on 21 October 1891.

Houghton's wife, Nancy Wyer Manning, had died on 13 April 1891. Find a Grave.

Written at the top right, in another hand: Sarah O. Jewett.

Page 1 has a black border.

Lizzie: Elizabeth H. Houghton, the eldest of Houghton's three daughters. Find a Grave.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Henry Oscar Houghton papers III. Letters to H. O. Houghton from various persons, Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 7 letters; 1894 & n.d. Box: 9 MS Am 1648, (513). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writers Collection, Burton Trafton Collection, Box 2, folder 88.

Sarah Orne Jewett to George Edward Woodberry

South Berwick Maine

1 November 1891

My dear Mr Woodberry

I wish to thank you most heartily for your essay upon Mr Lowell in the Century.* I do not know when I have read anything with such delight and admiration. I only wish that it had been printed in spring instead

[*Page 2*]

of autumn — but if it comes too late for his own eyes to see, at least the eyes of other Americans will read it clearer now.

I hope that I shall see you some day; I have always wished to thank you for the pleasure I have had in your use of your beautiful gifts in poetry and prose, but this essay leaves me more grateful than ever.

I beg you to believe me

Yours sincerely

Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

Mr. Lowell in the "Century": George E. Woodberry (1855-1930) published "James Russell Lowell" in *The Century* 43: 1 (Nov 1891), pp. 113-19. Lowell died 12 August 1891. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 3 letters; 1891-1907., 1891-1907. George Edward Woodberry correspondence and compositions I. Letters to George Edward Woodberry Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 3 letters; 1891-1907., 1891-1907. Box: 4: MS Am 1587, (121). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writers Collection, Burton Trafton Collection, Box 2, folder 87.

Annie Fields Transcription

Most of this letter appears in *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett*, 1911.

South Berwick, Maine, 1 November, 1891.

My dear Mr. Woodberry, — I wish to thank you most heartily for your essay upon Mr. Lowell in the "Century."* I do not know when I have read anything with such delight and admiration. I only wish that it had been printed in spring instead of autumn, — but if it comes too late for his own eyes to see, at least the eyes of other Americans will read it clearer now.

I hope that I shall see you some day. I have always wished to thank you for the pleasure I have had in your use of your beautiful gifts in poetry and prose, but this essay leaves me more grateful than ever.

Annie Adams Fields to Mrs. Sargent*

148 Charles St. Boston

Novr 8th 1891

My dear Mrs Sargent:

It would give me and Mifs Jewett sincere pleasure to respond to your suggestion, anything of yours, if it were in our power; but the death of Mrs Jewett* leaves her daughter just now feeling unequal to any engagements of a social nature and I also am obliged to count

myself out of many pleasant things because of pre=occupations

[*Page 2*]

and lack of strength to face warm rooms and chilly streets during our Boston winter. I will confess also that I fear the subjects are beyond me: if there were rondeaus and triolets, iambics or even dithyrambs I should be tempted to face the frosts for a few times at least; but I am as innocent

[*Page 3*]

as an infant respecting "The Enigmatic Canon{.}" I am afraid I should "go off" if that did not! and the remaining years of life look far too short to learn the marvelous "Netherlandish Times in Counterpoint."

Mr. Apthorp* is always witty and interesting and I am sure he will make his subjects interesting to those who know more than I.

And above all I like to do what you ask me —

Therefore with [regret *corrected*] I must count myself out: yet always I trust counting myself in to whatever good things you propose (in spirit) if not in body —

Most truly yours.

Annie Fields.

Notes

Mrs. Sargent: This may be Mary Elizabeth Fiske Sargent (1827-1904). She became the second wife of John Turner Sargent (1807-1877), a prominent Unitarian minister, remembered for his support of abolition and woman suffrage. Together they founded Boston's Radical Club (1867-1880). She edited *Sketches of the Radical Club of Chestnut Street, Boston*. See *Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier* v. 1, p. 194n.

Mrs Jewett: Sarah Orne Jewett's mother, Caroline Perry Jewett, died on 21 October 1891.

Apthorp: Boston musician, author, critic, teacher and lecturer, William Foster Apthorp (1848-1913). Wikipedia.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Autograph File, F Box 67. Fields, Annie (Adams), 1834-1915. 4 letters to [ ] Sargent.

Daniel Merriman* to Sarah Orne Jewett

Berlin Nov. 8, '91.

My dear Miss Jewett.

The little black bordered letter in a familiar hand laid on our breakfast table this morning told us its sorrowful news* from you before we had opened it — sorrowful, and yet [*unrecognized word*], because we knew that the suffering life of the body had at last been exchanged for the blissful life of the spirit.

I was at once carried back to the death of my own beloved mother, twelve years ago this very month, as at the age of eighty she fell asleep in my arms after only five days illness. To have been able — summoned swiftly from Worcester to Chicago where

[*Page 2*]

she lived with my sister — to wait on, and minister to her during those four or five days was one of the [great *?*] privileges of my life. And when at last it was all over, and that smile, of which you speak, came out on the dear old face to make it more of heaven than of earth, I had a real joy that for her the battle was won. And so I doubt not, with all the peculiar pain that comes to you now — for we never seem to get quite separate from the mother, but carry a vital part of her with us always — you yet have discovered a new blessed way through your trial. I wonder

[*Page 3*]

if we shall not some day completely change our views of death. "Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written": re. When I read these words I seem to feel that when we get like "then", as the Christian world certainly hasn't yet, we shall have discovered the heavenliness of death, so to speak; shall have [flanked *?*] its ghastliness, which has ridden the centuries so like a nightmare; because they have missed the lesson of the resurrection, isn't it? How horrible, for example, is a funeral in a foreign city like Berlin? One is so thankful that he hopes he may die and see his dear ones die — if he must see them die and be buried — in new Hampshire or Maine. Helen says as we pass one of these more than pagan caskets and pomposities, "dont ever put me in one of these dear Dan".

[*Page 4*]

But what a homily I am writing, when I set out only to give you, by my own sign manual, a word

of friendliness and fellow feeling — that I am with you in all this deep experience of life. I can do no less, nor can I do much more.

Berlin is big and pompous with [*deletion*] an [*unrecognized word*]! — an [apparently *so it appears*] kind of godless pride. It is immense — and interesting in many ways, but I dont like it, and one reason is that it is growing miserably cold and so we shall start this week towards Italy, getting a glimpse of Roger at Leipzig on the way. The dear boy is playing the man in a way to do your heart good I think. I will write you about him some day.

With sincerest regard and sympathy

your friend

Daniel Merriman.

Notes

Merriman: See Helen Bigelow Merriman in Key to Correspondents. Their son was Roger.

news: Caroline Perry Jewett died on 21 October 1891.

written: See 1 Corinthians 15:54-8. The passage ends: "Death is swallowed up in Victory."

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. bMS Am 1743 Box 3, Item 150.

Charles Eliot Norton to Annie Adams Fields

Shady Hill, 9 Novr. 1891

Dear Mrs. Fields,

A thousand thanks for these precious letters.* I am very glad to have them. I have not yet read them, but I shall soon do so with pleasure; and then I will return to you the uncopied originals which you have sent along with the copies.

How plainly "J.R.L., his x mark" is stamped on every note he wrote!

[*Page 2*]

If Miss Jewett* has returned to you please off her my kindest regards and sympathy — and believe me, dear Mrs. Fields,

Gratefully & sincerely yours

C.E. Norton

Notes

letters: Fields has sent Norton her personal collection of letters from James Russell Lowell. Norton published his edition of Lowell's letters in 1894. Wikipedia.

Jewett: Sarah Orne Jewett, whose mother recently had died.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 7, Item 316, III. Letters to Annie Adams Fields.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Silvanus Hayward

South Berwick Maine

10 November 1891

Dear Mr. Hayward

My sister and I feel most grateful to you for the kindness and sympathy of your letter. It is a great comfort to know that my dear mother's pain and weariness are ended, but we miss her more than I can say. We have grown more dependent upon her and she upon us in all these long months. I need not tell you how great a change and how sad a change it makes in our lives to have her gone.*

I wish to thank you too for sending me the History of Gilsum.* I have been reading it with real pleasure and admiring all the way the pains you must have taken. I seem to know the town now almost as well as if I had been there; next to the story of a man's life comes the story of a town's in interest and human value, and I think that you have done a beautiful piece of work in the Gilsum Biography. I wish that you would take the Three Berwicks next!* I often wish that we had at least some part of the interesting records and traditions of that dear old town. Believe that I appreciate the value of such a present as this you have given me, if only in proof of your kind friendship. I find many touching pages — the patience and hardship of the early settlers, the ['vaudoo'*?*] of the little town charge, the shining [bits*?*] of garnet in the village street and much beside for which I should like to thank you most particularly. Please give my love to Bell and do not forget that I am

Yours sincerely and with great regard

Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

have her gone: Jewett's mother died on 21 October 1891 after a long illness.

Gilsum: Silvanus Hayward published *History of the Town of Gilsum, New Hampshire from 1752 to 1879* in 1881.

Three Berwicks: Jewett's home village of South Berwick, ME is near two other villages: North Berwick and Berwick.

vaudoo: An alternate spelling for voodoo.

Bell: Hayward's eldest child by his first marriage. See Key to Correspondents.

The ms. of this letter is held by the Berwick Academy Archives, South Berwick, ME, item: 1996.0196.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

Thursday morning

[*12 November 1891*]*

Dear Mary

What a beautiful tale of going to the farm! but I am afraid that you liked the road less than usual by what you say of the sleighing. You might have said who you went with but it sounds as if it were Dicky!* — I had a long visit from Cora* yesterday afternoon and she was in great spirits and I very steady minded. I talked so long that I wheezed, subjects came up! There were those that had Brother Boylston* to lunch, he being in town to a meeting of The Loyal Legion* and a great little [yeast *intended* feast *?*] was provided which I shared though I left them to themselves and didn't go down. We had a nice time in the library afterward. Rose came at six and then they parted away to Faneuil Hall and sat together with Annette* and friends and had a great time, and Mrs. Fields* didn't get home until so late that I had to speak to her, I having been asleep and well tucked up. She says that both Lady Henry & Miss Willard* are perfectly beautiful speakers, with so much charm of voice and manners, not speak of good sense and dignity. I quite wanted to go with A.F. & Rose when they were starting out. Dr. Morton came in later and then Mr. Millet* for a little while so I got me to bed feeling that I had had a bustling day. I asked Rose to come down to Berwick next summer and she was pleased with the thought, and promptly mentioned that we might go to Greenacre.* Thank you for seeing about the bank — did Becca happen to say what was in the savings bank? — Mr. Barker* wrote me from Atlanta that there had been some delay about getting the title in the loan for which I sent the money down but if it wasnt all right he would look up another as good. I havent much news today it being early yet. I think it is nice about Annie Lord.* Love to all from Sarah. I think I shall get at my great heap of letters today, but I mean to save a nice heap to do at Mrs. Cabot's,* where Maud Scott* is always wanting to write for me, and seems to like the change. Sister must be thinking of whist.!' [*so transcribed*]

Please tell Helen Sewall that the Atlantic is paid for '95.*

Notes

1891: A handwritten note on this transcription reads: winter of 1884-5? However, this letter clearly refers to the Wednesday 11 November 1891 convention of the WCTU in Boston as indicated in the notes below. Almost certainly, then, this letter was composed on the following day. Another dating complication is the post script, which suggests that a payment has been made to *Atlantic Monthly* for a subscription for or perhaps through 1895, though perhaps it has quite another meaning.

Dicky: A Jewett family horse, named in letters of the 1880s.

Cora: Cora Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

Brother Boylston: Probably, this is Annie Fields's brother, Dr. Zabdiel Boylston Adams, Jr. See Fields in Key to Correspondents. For an account of his life, including his Civil War service, see Rita Gollin, *Annie Adams Fields,* pp. 13-14.

the Loyal Legion: Presumably, this is the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, a patriotic organization of Union officers formed at the end of the American Civil War in 1865.

Rose ... Annette ... Mrs. Fields: Rose almost certainly is Rose Lamb. For her and Annie Adams Fields, see Key to Correspondents.

Annette probably is Annette Rogers, about whom little is yet known. Her name is listed with contributors to and officers for the Overseers of the Poor for the City of Boston, where Annie Fields also was active. She helped to organize the Howard Industrial School for "colored" refugees from the Civil War in Cambridge, MA. See Lydia H. Farmer, *What America Owes to Women* (1893, p. 365).

Lady Henry & Miss Willard: Lady Henry Somerset (1851-1921) was a British philanthropist who focused on women's rights and temperance. With Frances Willard (Key to Correspondents), she formed part of the leadership of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. They first met at the first convention of the World Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Faneuil Hall in Boston on 11 November 1891. For an account of this convention, see *A Brief History of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union* (1907), by Katharine Lent Stevenson, pp. 61-2.

Dr. Morton ... Mr. Millet: Dr. Helen Morton (1834-1916) had offices successively on Marlboro, Boylston, and Chestnut streets in Boston. Richard Cary says that Jewett once characterized her as "touchy {touching?} in her doctorly heart and more devoted in her private capacity as a friend."

Mr. Millet is Josiah Byram Millet. Key to Correspondents.

Greenacre: Jewett may refer to the Greenacre house in Farmington, ME, a famously ornate Victorian home. Or perhaps she refers to the Moses Farmer home in Eliot, ME, which in 1894 became a center for interfaith religious meetings and activity, under the leadership of Farmer and his daughter, Sarah Jane Farmer (b. 1847). Eventually the site became the Green Acre Bahá'í School.

Becca ... Mr. Barker: The Jewetts' friend Rebecca Young was treasurer of the South Berwick Savings Bank. Mr. Barker's identity and the exact nature of the business he is handling for the Jewetts remains unknown. Key to Correspondents.

Annie Lord: Annie Lord may be Annie A. Peverly Lord (1865-1950). Find a Grave.

Mrs. Cabot's ... Maud Scott: For Susan Burley Cabot, see Key to Correspondents.

Miss Maud Scott is listed as a resident at the Bellevue Hotel in *Clark's Boston Blue Book* (1895), p. 84. Other letters indicate she is available for typing manuscripts and sometimes provides this service to Jewett. No more about her has been discovered.

Helen Sewall: Probably Jewett refers to a South Berwick neighbor, Helen D. Sewall (1845-1922), who was sister to Jotham and Jane Sewall. See Pirsig, *The Placenames of South Berwick*, p. 75.

This text is from transcriptions from mixed repositories in the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Folder 73, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett

Monday — in a train

[*16 November 1891*]*

I dont suppose you will ever know how much it meant to me to go into the studio on Saturday morning & find a garden of flowers ~~put~~ made to grow there by the hand of love. It made the most homesick of days suddenly bright with comfort — & O so many things beside. So I follow

[*Page 2*]

you with this grateful blessing, dear and ever thoughtful friend. ——-

When the afternoon came, there came with it many friends (I did not keep the count of those I asked, & so experienced a half surprise at sight of each one!) & the Cranes* bore up: and Mr. Crane stood, as A.F.* said he would, on one leg most beautiful & kept being introduced to ladies: though

[*Page 3*]

with a handsome British reluctance methought.

Altogether twas well, I guess: & today I have been urging upon the royal house of Houghton & Mifflin,* that they can do nothing better than turn* over some services which I am glad to forego & get Mr. Crane to do a fine lot of decor-

[*Page 4*]

ating for a new edition of Whittier,* which comes out in monthly parts: & could be [smartly *?*]* done in his delicate vein.

I think perhaps I shall gratify A Warren by withdrawing from what she has always called with fine scorn the "Secondary Arts": & as I have eliminated the old combination of a

[*Page 5*]

Louis Quatorze piano leg gently entwined with a Japanese stork from the modern book-cover, let book-covers rest in peace. Ever excepting works of distinguished [friend *so written*], named A F & Sarah Orne Jewett respectively.

—— All of this & much more I was just beginning to try yesterday when I was obliged to go

[*Page 6*]

2

to one of my women whose brother had died: & today I am making a sad little pilgrimage to Lowell,* whence has suddenly departed one who was O so good to me when I was a little child staying there on my Grandfather's great lovely farm — The leaves fall fast from the tree of earthly life:

[*Page 7*]

and one has to live on a sort of military basis: going to the grave with muffled drums — & returning with the flag flying yet once again. —

I was told in New York that Thayer's studio* was now at the corner of 16th — 15th avenue — & he has his new picture there — so perhaps you might see it — supposing the

[*Page 8*]

old masters at the Metropolitan do not suffice! & Sargent* has a portrait at Goupils — & there are 3 Rembrandts at Cottiers.* — I cant help wishing that you both would take a lovely drive au bords del la [Rivière *?*] & just see Minna* and my Godson — 327 West 82nd* you know —

[*Page 9*]

You perceive that I am free with my suggestions: but that makes no difference so long as ladies are free to forget them.

The Boot & Shoe still looms before me. They'll come in pairs I suppose: & there's some comfort.

Think of me — & love me too.

SW *

Notes

16 November 1891: The envelope associated with this letter is addressed to Jewett at the Hotel Brunswick in New York, NY and cancelled on 16 November 1891.

The note "Monday — in a train" appears to be in another hand.

Cranes: Mary Kwas has identified British artist and book illustrator, Walter Crane (1845-1913).

A.F.: Annie Adams Fields.

Houghton & Mifflin: Boston publisher of most of Jewett's works.

turn: Mary Kwas reads Whitman's difficult handwriting here as "turn," whereas it looks like "throw" to me. Kwas's reading has the advantage of making good sense, whereas mine tends to fit with Whitman's often unconventional expression. Kwas probably is right, but I leave my reading for future consideration.

edition of Whittier: John Greenleaf Whittier. Key to Correspondents.

A seven volume "artists' edition" of *The Works of John Greenleaf Whittier* appeared in 1892. Mr. Crane is not named in the credits for this edition.

smartly: Kwas suggests this could be "sweetly."

A Warren: This *may* be Alice Amelia Bartlett Warren (1843-1912) who moved in the same social circles as Fields and Jewett, being a friend of Henry James and Ellen Emerson, among other Jewett correspondents. See the introduction to *Little Women Abroad: The Alcott Sisters' Letters from Europe*, 1870-1871 (2008), edited by Daniel Shealy, pp. lxii-lxiii.

Lowell ... suddenly departed: Lowell, in northeastern Massachusetts, is Whitman's birthplace. The person who has died is unknown, but Mary Kwas suggests Whitman's maternal uncle, Joseph Bennette Treat, who died on 9 October 1891.

Thayer's Studio: Probably this is American painter, Abbott Handerson Thayer (1849-1921).

Cottiers: Presumably Whitman refers to the Goupil & Cie and the Cottier galleries in New York City.

The American painter, John Singer Sargent (1856-1925), according to Wikipedia was the leading portrait painter of his generation. He eventually maintained a studio in London. He was a friend of Annie Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett.

Mary Kwas notes that Sargent had recently completed a portrait of U.S. House Speaker Thomas B. Reed, which was displayed at Schaus's Gallery in New York City.

Kwas also points out that Knoedler & Co. had succeeded Goupil's & Co. of Paris in the 1850s, but continued to use the Goupil name in their ads. They were located at 22nd Street and 5th Ave., New York.

Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rijn (1606-669) was a Dutch painter and printmaker. Wikipedia.

Minna and my Godson: Mary Kwas notes that Minna Timmons Chapman lived at 327 West 82nd in New York City; her son was Victor Chapman, born April 1890. Minna Elisa Timmins (1861-1897) married author, John Jay Chapman (1862-1933), in 1889. Timmins was the adopted child of Martin Brimmer (1829-1926), first director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

SW: Whitman's signature is uncertain. She may have written "W ".

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904. 92 letters; [1884]-[1903] & [n.d.] Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 - 107. Research assistance, Mary Kwas, University of Arkansas.

Transcription from *Letters of Sarah Wyman Whitman* (1907).

Part of this letter appears on p. 72.

To-day I am making a sad little pilgrimage to Lowell,* whence has suddenly departed one who was oh so good to me when I was a little child. The leaves fall fast from the tree of earthly life, and one has to live on a sort of military basis: going to the grave with muffled drums, and returning with the flag flying yet once again.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Hotel Brunswick New York

Saturday 21 November [*1891*]

My dear Friend

My dear Friend, — I am writing this letter to thank you for your beautiful poem in memory of Mr. Lowell* — but how can I find words to say what I wish to say about it! To me it speaks of him as his own presence used to speak, and brings him back again as if he came back with the old life and the new life mingled as indeed they are, and then I feel the loss afresh

[*Page 2*]

and somehow wake from the reading of the poem to know how great and how lovely a poem it is, and to be prouder of you than ever and of your always reverent and [*deleted letters*] happy use of your beautiful gift — I wish that I could indeed tell you how much I thank you and how straight this last poem has gone to A. F.'s* heart and mine.

A. F. is reading My Cousin the Colonel,* and bursting into laughter now and then [as *corrected*] one

[*Page 3*]

seldom hears her — I always say that she is a poor supporter of story writers, but it is not true now that she can get hold of something of yours again.

We have had a delightful week and it has been good for both of us — ^Day before^ yesterday we had a great pleasure in Mr. Booth's sending for us to come and have tea with him and then showing us all the Players' Club — ! —* but every day things have reminded me of you and Lilian.* We

[*Page 4*]

are to go home on Tuesday — Forgive this bad pen that writes so blunderingly what was in my heart to say, but I cannot tell you with any pen how much I care about 'Elmwood.'

Your affectionately

Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

Mr. Lowell ... "My Cousin the Colonel": Aldrich's poem in memory of Lowell appeared in December 1891: "Elmwood — In Memory Of James Russell Lowell," *Scribner's Magazine* 10: 6 (December, 1891). pp. 787-790. Aldrich's story, "My Cousin the Colonel" appeared in *Harper's* in December 1891 and was collected in *Two Bites at a Cherry, with other Tales* (1893).

A.F.: Annie Adams Fields. See Correspondents.

Mr. Booth's ... the Players' Club: Edwin Booth (1833 - June 7, 1893) was a founding member of the New York Players Club in 1888. Booth was an internationally famous American-born Shakespearean actor, a member of the circle of friends in which Jewett moved. His brother, John Wilkes Booth (1835-1865), assassinated President Abraham Lincoln.

Lilian: Lilian Woodman Aldrich. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Papers, 119 letters of Thomas Bailey and Lilian Woodman Aldrich, 1837-1926. MS Am 1429 (117).

Annie Fields Transcription

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911), Transcribed by Annie Adams Fields, with some alterations. Below is her transcription.

My dear Friend, — I am writing this letter to thank you for your beautiful poem in memory of Mr. Lowell, — but how can I find words to say what I wish to say about it! To me it speaks of him as his own presence used to speak, and brings him back again as if he came back with the old life and the new life mingled, as indeed they are, and then I feel the loss afresh, and somehow wake from the reading of the poem to know how great and how lovely a poem it is, and to be prouder of you than ever, and of your always reverent and happy use of your beautiful gift. I wish that I could indeed tell you how much I thank you, and how straight this last poem has gone to A. F.'s heart and mine.

A. F. is reading "My Cousin the Colonel," and bursting into laughter now and then as one seldom hears her. I always say that she is a poor supporter of story-writers, but it is not true now that she can get hold of something of yours again.

We have had a delightful week, and it has been good for both of us. Day before yesterday we had a great pleasure in Mr. Booth's sending for us to come and have tea with him, and then showing us all the Players' Club! But every-day things have reminded me of you and Lilian. We are to go home on Tuesday. Forgive this bad pen that writes so blunderingly what was in my heart to say, but I cannot tell you with any pen how much I care about "Elmwood."

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Loring Dresel

Sunday

South Berwick

[*After 21 October 1891*]*

Dear Loulie

Thank you for your note of yesterday. I am not going to say no — but I cannot say yes until I get to town for I am not certain about my time. My sister and Theodore* are going with me and I shall have to [suit *corrected*] my plans a little to theirs — But I certainly will come to luncheon if I possibly can. I dont get to town

[*Page 2*]

until Tuesday night and I must get home on Friday — If I cant come to luncheon I shall save a good bit of the afternoon for us —

I have thought about you often this week dear Loulie and wished to write but I have had a hard pull with some work that I had to finish — poor eyes and all!

Do you

[*Page 3*]

remember that I have your "Loti book" still? I have not read it yet — I have done so little reading, but I shall honestly bring it back to you now and "borry'* it again —

Yours lovingly always

S. O. J.

Notes

1891: Various opinions have been expressed for dating this letter. Frederick Scott Stoddard notes that "Colby curators date this letter 1889-99." But he speculates that the black-bordered stationery indicates a mourning period and connects it with the death of Jewett's sister, Caroline Jewett Eastman, on 1 April 1897. However, Jewett could have used black-bordered stationery as a sign of mourning in late 1891 after the death of her mother on 21 October.

A single clue suggests that this letter does indeed fall in the mourning period after Jewett lost her mother. She mentions having Dresel's copy of a book by Pierre Loti that she has not been able to read. In Dresel's letter to Jewett of 20 October 1891, she says she is sending Jewett a copy of *The Book of Pity and of Death* (1891) by French author Pierre Loti (Louis Marie-Julien Viaud, 1850-1923).

Theodore: Jewett's nephew, Theodore Jewett Eastman. It is not clear whether Theodore is traveling with his mother or with his Aunt Mary. Key to Correspondents.

borry: Jewett sometimes uses different quotation marks at the beginning and end of a quotation.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Colby College Library Special Collections, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1 — Folder A14: to Louisa Loring Dresel., 1886-1898. An earlier transcription

appeared in Scott Frederick Stoddart's Ph.D. dissertation at the University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign: *Selected Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett*, copyright by Stoddart, 1988. New transcription and notes.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Dresel

South Berwick

Sunday 22nd Nov -- [*1891*]*

Dear Loulie

I spent nearly a week in town, but I was not well and had to keep myself very quiet -- so that I thought about you but did not send you word that I was there as I meant to do. Now that I am at home again I

[*Page 2*]

am better and begin already to think of what I shall do when I go to town again. Mrs. Fields did not get home from Baltimore* until Monday morning and then I was so sorry to give up doing some things that we wished to do together, but there were very dear things in the visit after

[*Page 3*]

all. I hope that you are feeling much better again? Do find time to read the Journal of Sir Walter Scott!* It is the most enchanting and appealing of books, though I am not sure that "Mamma" won't care more for it than you will. I think that it belongs to our day more than to yours! but, I do not speak slightingly

[*Page 4*]

with all my pride and appropriation* ! — ! —

Yours most affectionately,

S. O. J.

Notes

1891: Cary assigned this date, which seems likely to be correct, this being the year in which the copy of *The Journal of Sir Walter Scott* in Jewett's library was published.

Baltimore: Fields often visited Baltimore, MD where her sister, painter Elizabeth (Lissie) Adams (1825-1898) resided.

Scott: *The Journal of Sir Walter Scott* (1890). Cary notes that the book first appeared in two volumes and that Harper & Brothers published a single volume edition in 1891, a copy of which was in Jewett's library..

appropriation: In his transcription, Cary reads this word as "appreciation," which would seem to make sense in the context. However Jewett seems clearly to have written "appropriation," making her meaning perhaps more complicated.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Colby College Library Special Collections, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1 — Folder A13. Richard Cary's annotated transcription appeared in "Jewett to Dresel: 33 Letters," *Colby Library Quarterly* 7:1 (March 1975), 13-49. New transcription and notes.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mabel Lowell Burnett

South Berwick

Wednesday 28 October

[*1891*]*

My dearest Mabel

I have been wishing to write to you — I have been thinking of you so very often and I long to see you. So that I was more than ever glad to get your most dear letter yesterday. We cant write each other much of what is in our hearts but every word you

[*2*]

say meant a great deal to me and brought a great deal of comfort of sympathy and true friendliness which I took to my heart and can never let go — I have thought and thought of you since you came back to Elmwood and followed you about sometimes with a [wistful *or* wishful] thought. It seems sometimes just now as if we could not help living backward into our

[*3*]

half-understood past, but you cant help living forward with your dear eager children and as for me I must hold fast to my writing and be all that I can be to my two dear sisters and my dear friends. I didn't know what sadness would fall on my heart when I knew that childhood was strangely and [surely *?*] living on ^only^ while there was still somebody near whose child I was; but

[*4*]

all these things that one misses are simply grown larger and changed for the better. I never have felt so near to my mother, or knew her and the best of her best life as I have in the days since she went — I know that it must be so with

you, so let me be thankful and take courage my darling. Do be very good and mind your Dr. Robinson,* and dont forget among all the things that hold you fast how dear you are to

S. O. J.

Notes

1891:

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, MS Am 1743 (50). This transcription by Richard Cary appeared originally in "Jewett to Dresel: 33 Letters," *Colby Library Quarterly* 7:1 (March 1975), 13-49, which gave permission to reprint it here. Notes are by Cary, with additions by Terry Heller, Coe College.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Agnes Bartlett Brown

Wednesday morning
[*November-December 1891*]*

My dear friend:

I send you this [cheque *corrected*] because I have a feeling that you would not like it so well if I changed the amount as I should really like to do. I feel as if you 'had it your way' and gave me the dear little picture! and I thank you most warmly. I care very

[*Page 2*]

much for your beautiful work and I wish that I could give you half so much pleasure with mine. I wish too that I could make you understand how sincerely and affectionately I am ever your friend

S. O. J.

Notes

1891: Cary assigned this date, presumably because this note seems to connect with Jewett to Brown of 12 October 1891, in which Jewett asks Brown about purchasing a painting.

In the Colby folder with the Agnes Brown letters is an envelope addressed to Mrs. J. Appleton Brown, 6 Beacon Street. As it has no stamp or cancellation, it probably was hand delivered. Almost certainly it belongs with this letter.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Colby College Special Collections, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1. Richard Cary included his transcription in *Sarah Orne Jewett Letters.* New transcription and notes.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Begin letterhead*]

EDITORIAL OFFICE OF

The Atlantic Monthly,

BOSTON.

[*End letterhead*]

[*Date added to the right of the letterhead*]

Dec 3d, 1891.

Dear Sarah:

What you write to me about "Elmwood"* is a great help. I sent the poem away with such a sense of its inadequacy! In most cases I can weigh my verse accurately, but here sorrow and affection held the scales, and I was certain of nothing excepting the sincerity of my intuition. The Boston papers have so generally ignored the poem — I have seen two long notices of the Dec Scribner's in which the poem was not even named [so

[*Page 2*]

as to *?*] put me in great need of encouragement. That your letter gave me. So, grateful thanks. Don't you think J.L.'s ^Annie Fields's^* Winter Lilacs particularly lovely? Why didn't she fall ill, and write that poem, and send it to me when I had The Atlantic*?*

When shall you be coming to Boston? It is long since I saw you, except in my thoughts. I have been [sorry *?*] that [sorrow *?*]* was with you.

Affectionately,

T. B. A.

(over)

[*Page 3*]

I should have said all this several days ago but I have been so driven with various matters — too busy to read about — "A Little Captive" ^Maid"^, [*unrecognized word*] all my sympathies are hers beforehand. I wish I could write some stories. Since my return from abroad I've been able to write nothing but verse. I've nearly enough to make a new book!

Notes

Elmwood: Aldrich's poem, "Elmwood: In Memory of James Russell Lowell," marks the occasion of the Lowell's death on 12 August 1891. The

poem appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, December 1891, pp. 797-9.

Annie Fields's: J.L. almost certainly refers to James Russell Lowell.

It is not clear that the two insertions in this letter are in Aldrich's hand. A reader may have added them.

Annie Adams Fields was the author of "Winter Lilacs," which also appeared in the December 1891 *Scribner's*. In that poem a friend brings lilacs in winter to the speaker when "she" is ill. He does this by reading aloud "the words of the sage," which may well have been Lowell's well-known poem, "Lilacs."

Also in the December 1891 *Scribner's* was Jewett's story, "A Little Captive Maid."

sorrow: If this transcription is correct, Aldrich may refer to the recent death of Jewett's mother in October 1891.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. bMS Am 1743 (4). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Box 2, Folder 99, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Miss Gilman*

South Berwick Maine

5 December 1891

Dear Miss Gilman

It is uncertain when I shall be in town again, — possibly next week for a day or two, — and so I must wait before I can send you a definite word — Perhaps it would be better if you wrote me here if it is anything about which

[*Page 2*]

you feel hurried. I shall be glad if I can be of any use.

Pray believe me

Yours sincerely

Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

Miss Gilman: Identifying Miss Gilman is difficult. The Massachusetts Historical Society's catalog entry for the Gilman family papers gives no dates or family relationships for the sisters, Julia and Hannah Gilman. The Gilman Family Papers include correspondence and other papers (1857-1937) of the sisters, "relating to their teaching and the establishment of the Gilman School (later Miss Choate School), Boston, Mass." In the same collection of papers is correspondence of the educator Arthur Gilman (1837-1909), who with his wife, Stella Scott Gilman, founded the Harvard Annex, which eventually became Radcliffe College.

Arthur Gilman was an editor of the Putnam's Sons series of historical books, "The Story of the Nations" to which Jewett contributed *The Story of the Normans* (1887).

According to the Scheslinger Library, in 1886 Mr. and Mrs. Gilman also "founded the Gilman School for Girls in Cambridge, later the Cambridge School of Weston." While this suggests that Arthur was closely related to Julia and Hannah, on-line genealogical information indicates they were not siblings. Arthur was the son of a prominent abolitionist banker, Winthrop Sargent Gilman.

On-line genealogical searching leads to the sisters, Julia Gilman Newell (1838- ?) and Hannah Gilman (1842-1923), daughters of Benjamin Brown Gilman and Sally Gilman. Whether these are the sisters who are associated with the Gilman School has not been verified. If they are, then this letter would be addressed to the elder sister, Julia.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Massachusetts Historical Society in the Gilman Family Papers, Ms N-1291, Correspondence of Hannah & Julia Gilman, 1857-1937. The letter is collected in an autograph album labeled "Gilman Family; Hannah and Julia Gilman 1879-1926."

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett

Saturday Dec. 5

[*1891*]*

Dear beloved friend you did not know that the dear message you sent me would come of a birth-day morning & make me glad! But so it turned out: and it went about with me all day, & meant much solace.

I have been

[*Page 2*]

silent under stress of [*unrecognized word* winter *?*] as it [was *or* were *?*]: and yet longing & meaning to write. Perhaps withheld by the meagreness of facts & the immensity of feelings,

which conditions, unless you are a Sentimentalist, happily restrict expressions!

But I have been doing my duty, even [& *or* to] attending [& *or* to] committee meetings: & going to [Charle's *so written*] Street: where much was formulated & the scheme laid out. An awfully [good *?*] thing to do. The girls of the Class* wonder under their breath if "Miss Jewett will be able to come" —& I am longing

[*Page 3*]

& praying to have her, but dont dare count [on *?*] it: only you know how I want you, dear: if so [be *?*] you think [you shall like *?*] the coming.

I have so much to say [apropos *?*] to the little Caplin maid* that I must, because I cant say it all

[*Up the left margin of page 3*]

here: but keep it till we meet. The Decoration story sounds oh so

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

rich & [*unrecognized word*]. & you will do it.

I love you. _SW_*

Notes

1891: The envelope associated with this letter is addressed to Jewett in South Berwick, ME, cancelled on 7 December 1891. Whitman's birthday was 5 December.

the Class: Probably Whitman refers to the Bible class she taught at Trinity Church in Boston.

Captive maid: Whitman's handwriting actually looks very little like "Captive," though "maid" is clear. What she intended is inferred from her probable references to two of Jewett's stories at the end of this letter: "A Little Captive Maid" in *Scribner's Magazine* (10:743-759), December 1891, and "Decoration Day" in *Harper's Magazine* (85:84-90), June 1892.

_*SW*_: Whitman's signature is barely readable. It may not be SW, though this is often how she signs her letters.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904. 92 letters; [1884]-[1903] & [n.d.] Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 - 107.

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*8 December 1891*]*

Dear, a forced march to Newport for one night, to be [cordially *?*] entreated & to make a pastel portrait. — this took me away just as the [Gilders *?*]* came — [& *or* so *?*] my answer is slow, but not my loving appreciation.

[*Page 2*]

The only trouble darling about the theatre is that I foolishly accepted that Round Table Club* — but I will try to get out of that and go to see the Kendal's* which would certainly be much more agreeable and better for us perhaps — but [*unrecognized word*] we think of it —

[*Page 3*]

It was charming — & you were so dear, and I add one more bead to the string of gracious & comforting acts at your dear hand —

Yours with blessing

SW

December 8th

Notes

1891: This date is correct if the note below on the Kendals is correct.

Gilders: This transcription is uncertain. If it is correct, then almost certainly she refers to Richard Watson and Helena de Kay Gilder.

Round Table Club: A common name for clubs in the United States. It is not yet known to which particular club Whitman refers.

Kendal's: Whitman probably refers to the Kendals acting company, headed by Dame Madge Kendal (1848-1935). Wikipedia. In 1891, the company performed more than once in Boston, including in December.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 5, Item 234.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields

Newburyport

Dec 10 1891

My dear friend

Will it not be possible for thee to be with me on the 17th?* I do not expect any crowd here; but I should be very sorry to miss of seeing thee.* If dear Sarah Jewett is with thee take her with thee.

I was glad to have thy welcome letter from New York. I appreciated thy kindness

[*Page 2*]

in writing it, in the midst of your sight seeing in the great city.

I feel sure thee will come if possible. It is not likely that many more [such *corrected*] occasions* will occur. Thy ever grateful and affectionate friend

John G Whittier

I enclose some rhymes hastily pencilled [years ago *?*] [the *corrected*] copy of which I have lately found. In [decyphering ?] and transcribing ~~which~~ ^it^ I have tried to mend some of its lame lines{.}

Notes

17th: Whittier's final birthday was 17 December 1891.

thee: A penciled "x" appears in the left margin next to this sentence.

occasions: A penciled ":x" appears in the left margin next to this sentence.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection: mss FI 72-4859.

William Dean Howells to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Begin letterhead*]

The Cosmopolitan Magazine
Editorial Department

[*End letterhead*]

New York, Dec. 12, 1891.

Dear Miss Jewett:

You must have heard the sad news that I am again an editor, and resolved to give me the very first sketch* you should write. It will be welcome when it comes, and — it will be in very genteel company when it appears, I [assure *corrected*] you. The man=*

[*Page 2*]

=agement does not mean to be anyway meeching about the pay. So if you will mark your financial worth [*unrecognized word looks like* destirectly] on the MS., we will do all we can to keep from jewing* you down.

Think of dear little Theodore* sending me a box of his winter store of nuts!

Love to dear Mrs Fields.*

Yours sincerely

W. D. Howells.

Notes

sketch: Jewett's "The Passing of Sister Barsett" appeared in *Cosmopolitan* in May 1892.

A *Cosmopolitan* stationery envelope associated with this letter is addressed to Jewett at 148 Charles St., Boston, and was cancelled in New York on 12 December.

Also in the Colby folder with this and other Howells letters is a card containing his signature, labeled "autograph."

man=: Howells uses "=" where one expects a hyphen, in this case repeating the punctuation at the beginning of the next page.

jewing: 21st-century dictionaries define this term as offensive slang for haggling. The phrase is recognized as offensive, based on hoary stereotypes of Jews as stingy and materialistic. What it meant to Howells, however, is a more complicated question that should be approached from the contexts of his works and his culture.

Theodore: Theodore Jewett Eastman. Key to Correspondents.

Fields: Annie Adams Fields.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Miller Library, Special Collections, Colby College, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Loring Dresel

South Berwick

24 December 1891

My dearest Loulie

I hope that this note will reach you on Christmas morning and give you my love and good wishes, I shall be thinking of you and 'Mamma' tomorrow. I hope that it will be a very dear day to you.

God bless you and keep you my dear friend!

Yours affectionately

S. O. J

[*Page 2*]

I hope to be in town again on Saturday

Notes

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Small Library, University of Virginia, Special Collections MSS 6218, Sarah Orne Jewett Papers.

John Christopher Atkinson to Sarah Orne Jewett

Christmas Day, 1891

My dear Miss Jewett,

I hardly succeed in realising that you have been so exceedingly kind as to think of sending me a Christmas present* such as I could by no means think myself worthy of, but which, all the same, I could put an adequate value on as having come to me from the authoress herself. Your delightful gift arrived yesterday morning, and the parcel was the object of much scrutiny on the part of my two home-girls (18 and 25) and their stepmother, before I had had time to investigate its contents. On my part, though I am almost ashamed to ask you to accept my last little book,* because its first conception and occasion was simply connected with the thought of amusing and interesting George Macmillan's* children, and its continuance and completion never ceased to have their connection with children, still I venture to hope you may not think it quite beneath a sober person's notice. As for myself, though close upon the somewhat mature age of 78, I can't for the life of me, not merely forget that I was a boy once, but leave off being a boy still. Indeed, my wife, a staid and indeed venerable party of nearly 37, finds it necessary continually to rebuke my levity and remind me that greater gravity would become one who has left off short jackets for years. But children are attractive to me, and I find it 'great fun' to be a child among them again. So, perhaps, I don't quite realise all the frivolity of a book of stories such as the one I send you, until I realise what a pitch of presumption it is to venture to send it you at all. In the way of propitiation I may tell you that Louis Dyer* and his wife both read these stories before the printer did, and were pleased to be pleased with them. Indeed, but for the criticism of the pair, there would have been a good deal more boyishness in them than, in point of fact, has been allowed to stand.

[*Page 2*]

You will perhaps think, if you look over 'Little Jack', that the author could not condescend much lower. But there is a 'lower deep still'. For since Midsummer I have been, at times, far apart, no doubt, but still consecutively writing a series of Fairy stories* for the behoof of little Mary Cary,* whose father and mother are very kindly friends of ours. George Macmillan heard of them, of course, and having seen one or two in the duplicate, prevailed on my elder daughter to hand over to him the rough copy (which she rescued from the waste-paper basket) of the earlier ones. And the issue of that is that he has twice or three times asked me to let him see the fair copy. Mary's mother makes no demur, and I shall probably get the copy in a day or two for the purpose of transmission to Macmillan, who has already to my knowledge put them to the test of reading them over to his own little daughter.

We are hardly 'enjoying' a succession of what our Cleveland* folks designate 'strong frosts'. For five nights running we have had from 13 or 14 degrees of frost up to 18 or 20. But we have no snow. The deposit, however, of rime frost is something remarkable. The herbage-covered fields make one think so white and wide a surface must depend upon snow. But it is not so. I hear from more than one of my Canadian sons of snow in their parts of the country; and one who has recently gone to Detroit speaks of snow there. Here we have had about four or five hours of snow, which all melted as soon as the fall had ceased.

Believe me ever very truly yours

[*Signed* J. C. Atkinson.]

Notes

present: Jewett's most recent books in December 1891 were from 1890: *Betty Leicester* and *Tales of New England*.

little book: Atkinson's "last" book was *The Last of the Giant Killers, or The Exploits of Sir Jack of Danby Dale* (1891).

George Macmillan's: British author and publisher, George Augustin Macmillan (1855-1936). Google Arts & Culture.

Louis Dyer: American author and classics educator, Louis Dyer (1851-1908). Wikipedia.

Fairy stories: Atkinson's *Scenes in Fairy-Land* appeared in 1892.

Mary Cary: This person has not yet been identified.

Cleveland: A coastal village in Yorkshire, UK.

The typescript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 1, Item 10 I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Ada Maria Coffin

Boston — Saturday 26 December

[*1891*]*

My dear Mifs Coffin*

I venture to send you a word of sympathy even in these first days of your great sorrow — you have been so much in my thoughts, and M^rs^ Fields* begs me to say for her with what sympathy she has borne in mind your sudden loss. We shall always remember that dear day at Newburyport, and your father's kind face, and

[*Page 2*]

all the pleasure we had together. It seemed to draw us all near each other because we were so moved by the same affection for our dear friend. Poor Mr. Whittier,* how sad this new sorrow must make him and for your sakes as well as his own!

Pray do not forget that M^rs^ Fields and I are very sorry for you. We send our affectionate regards and our deep sympathy to your household{.}

Yours sincerely

Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

1891: Jewett writes to Ada Maria Coffin (1850-1902) regarding the death of her father, Charles Folsom Coffin (1819- 22 December 1891). December 26 fell on a Saturday in 1891.

Fields: Annie Adams Fields.

Whittier: John Greenleaf Whittier. Key to Correspondents.

Charles Folsom Coffin of Lynn, MA, was a life-long friend of the American poet and a fellow member of the Society of Friends. In 1884, he presented the Friends' School of Providence, RI with a portrait of the poet. See S. T. Pickard, *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier*, v. 1, p. 704.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Rubinstein Library, Small Manuscripts Collection, Duke University. Sec. A Box 174 Folder 1.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields

29 December 1891

From John B. Pickard, *The Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier* v. 3, p. 591.

The best thing on my birthday* was to meet thee and our dear Sarah* on the stairs, and the worst was that you went away so soon. Looking at the wreath which still hangs all bright in our diningroom, I am tempted to let myself down to poetry: —

Blossom and greenness, making all
The wintry birthday tropical,
    And the plain Quaker parlors gay,
Have died on bracket, stand, and wall.
I saw them fade and droop and fall,
    And laid them tenderly away.
White virgin lilies, mignonette,
Blown rose and pink and violet,—
    A breath of fragrance passing by,
A dream of beauty and decay,
Colors and shapes which could not stay, —
    The fairest, sweetest, first to die.
But still this rustic wreath of thine
Of wintergreen, and bay, and pine,
    The wild growths of our forest land,
Woven and wound with careful pains,
And tender wish and prayer, remains,
    As when it dropped from love's dear hand.

Notes

birthday: Whittier's birthday was 17 December.

In *The Works of John Greenleaf Whittier* v. 9 (1894) p. 759, appears this note: "Considerable changes were made in these lines afterward, two new verses were added, and the poem as thus completed was included in *At Sundown*, under the title *The Birthday Wreath*."

Complicating this note is that there are at least two versions of *At Sundown*. The privately printed 1890 text does not include this poem, but it does appear in the posthumous 1892-3 text.

Sarah: Sarah Orne Jewett.

Annie Adams Fields to John Greenleaf Whittier

148 Charles St. Boston.

Dec^{r} 29th 1891

My very dear friend;

I was about to take my pen and write this evening when your letter reached me.

And there was something in the letter! What shall I say of this lovely poem,* except that it is very dear to me, as well as beautiful in itself! Ah yes, one thing more, that it is a great happiness to me to see you are well enough to write it

[*2*]

and that the tender thoughts as well as the fatigue of the birthday were not too much for your strength.

It is a solemn thought that the kind good friend* who was with us on that day passed on so suddenly before us!

It was of him I was about to write you when your

[*3*]

letter came. I wish to thank one of your loving household for sending me a cutting from the paper.

Sarah* and I have sent a word to his daughter to whom the memory of that birthday will be very lovely to look back upon while she stays in this world.

We saw Phillips Brooks* a few days ago and he inquired affectionately for you. His noble work goes on without "let

[*4*]

or hindrance"* because he is so completely filled with the divine spirit that all things work together for good.*

I am sure it is healthier for him also to be preaching to the hungry rather than to the sated palates of a rich Boston church . . . However the latter church is living well up to his teaching and is doing a vast amount of good work. He does not fail to appear at the children's [*unrecognized word*] and at the fairs, as of old.

General Armstrong* is better but the only thing to do now is to endow Hampton. He can never be well again. His spirit is as wide awake as ever. Mrs Hemenway* has just seen him and found him

[*5*]

full of life, making all the plans for his singers and for the meetings just as if nothing had happened.

A good new year to you! my beloved friend.

Please remember Sarah and me affectionately to Mr. & Mrs Cartland.* The birthday party was a beautiful one in their home.

Most gratefully and lovingly yours

Annie Fields.

Notes

poem: See Whittier to Fields of 29 December 1891.

friend: See Sarah Orne Jewett to Ada Maria Coffin of 26 December 1891, which responds to the death of Whittier's friend, Charles Folsom Coffin, on 22 December 1891, soon after Whittier's final birthday on 17 December.

Sarah: Sarah Orne Jewett.

Brooks: Phillips Brooks. Key to Correspondents.

Brooks was consecrated Bishop of Massachusetts on 14 October 1891. At this time, he ceased giving Sunday sermons at Trinity Church in Boston, where Fields and Jewett often heard him. Wikipedia.

hindrance: This phrase was in common use. Perhaps Fields put it inside quotation marks because of this.

for good: See the Bible's New Testament, Romans 8:28: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God ...."

Armstrong: Samuel Chapman Armstrong. Key to Correspondents.

Hemenway: American philanthropist Mary Porter Tileston Hemenway (1820-1894). She had a special interest in Native Americans. Key to Correspondents.

Cartland: See Whittier in Sarah Orne Jewett's Principal Correspondents above.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Pickard-Whittier papers: MS Am 1844. Box 2, Item 122. Fields, Annie (Adams) 1834-1915. 61 letters; 1873-1892.

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from George Bainton, *The Art of Authorship*. New York: Appleton, 1891, 177-8.

Bainton solicited letters from authors about the art of writing.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT is one of the best literary artists amongst the American writers of short stories Her composition is simple, yet full of force; while the pictures she paints of village life are inspired by a deep-felt sympathy with the common people. "I hardly know what to say about my early plans," she writes, "and especially about any definite study that I gave to the business of writing. I was not a studious child, though always a great reader, and what individuality I have in my manner of writing must be a natural growth and not the result of study or conscious formation. Of course, at one time, I, like all young people, was possessed of great admiration for different authors, but I do not remember trying to copy their style in any way, excepting that I remember thinking that if I could write just as Miss Thackeray* did in her charming stories I should be perfectly happy. I tried to model some of my own early work on her plan. I see very little likeness, I am sorry to say, as I read it over now! I believe very much in reading English books like Walton's* and others of his time; though I think I have learned as much from the telling of simple stories and character sketches in the 'Sentimental Journey'* as from anything. They were great favourites with my father, and were easily impressed on my mind; the monks, and the starling, and the peasants' dance in particular."

Notes

Miss Thackeray: British novelist William M. Thackeray's daughter, also a novelist, Anne Isabella Thackeray, Lady Ritchie (1837-1919).

Walton: Izaak Walton (1594-1683), the English author of *The Compleat Angler*.

'Sentimental Journey': *A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy* (1767) is a novel by Laurence Sterne (1713-1768).

Sarah Orne Jewett to an unknown recipient
Fragment

South Berwick, Maine

[*1891*]

…….I was so pleased to find that Tales of New England* had gone to a second edition in London.

Notes

Tales of New England: Jewett's volume of previously collected stories appeared in 1890. WorldCat lists a London edition in 1893, but does not specify which edition it is. I have tentatively placed this letter in 1891, as the earliest likely date for a second British edition.

This text is from transcriptions from mixed repositories in the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Undated Letters, Folder 75, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields
Fragment

[*1891*]*

[*Yesterday I*]* read the Lacordaire* with great delight — I dont know when a book has moved me more — it is beautifully put together and full of beautiful things, but oh what a sad story! I mean of course on the surface for I suppose that the good man knew best how to fight himself down so that he could win the battles that he had set himself. The story of his school is a bright spot, and the sincerity of his friendship with

[*Page 2*]

Madame Swetchine most delightful. I must read her life again now.

(— This was a friendly letter from Mr. Osgood* which of course I answered in the same spirit.

Theodore* has come to the devoted reading of the works of Charles Dickens* — a long Stubby curled up in a chair with a stout copy of Nicholas Nickleby is a pleasing sight. Chuckles ensue from time to time! —

Good bye and a dear kiss from your Pinny —
)

Notes

1891: This date has some support, but it remains uncertain. Jewett's mention of Mr. Osgood indicates that this letter was composed before Osgood's death in 1892. However, Theodore's pleasure in reading Dickens suggests that he may be older than 12, his age after 3 August 1891.

Yesterday I : Fields has penciled in these words at the beginning of the text. Parenthesis marks in this manuscript were penciled by Fields.

Lacordaire: Jean-Baptiste Henri-Dominique Lacordaire (1802-1861), was a French Dominican preacher, theologian and author. Wikipedia says: "In January 1833 he met Madame Swetchine, who was to become a significant moderating influence upon him. She was a Russian convert to Catholicism who had a famous salon in Paris .... He developed a friendly filial relationship with her through an extensive correspondence."

Which book Jewett is reading is difficult to know. In her notebook of 1885, Jewett's friend Sarah Wyman Whitman recorded reading Dora Greenwell's *Lacordaire, a Memoir* (1867).

Swetchine's life may be *Life and Letters of Madame Swetchine* (1867) by Alfred-Frédéric-Pierre Falloux du Coudray.

Mr. Osgood: James Ripley Osgood died on 18 March 1892. Key to Correspondents.

Theodore: Theodore Jewett Eastman, nicknamed Stubby. Key to Correspondents.

Charles Dickens: British novelist, Charles Dickens (1812-1870). His *Nicholas Nickleby* was published in 1838-9.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).